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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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NEW YORK AUGUST 6 1898

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"TO THE RIGHT!"—DILLENBACK'S BATTERY CHANGING POSITION AT THE GALLOP NEAR SAN JUAN

(Drawn by our Special Artist, F. C. Yohn, from a Photograph made at Santiago by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARVEY)

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AND CURRENT EVENTS

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ROBERT J. COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK AUGUST SIXTH 1898

HASTA LA VISTA to the Puerto Rico expedition. When originally planned the enterprise possessed a strategic aspect. The enemy would then have been placed between two fires. Of these fires one has since been extinguished. From Cadiz to Cuba ships have ceased to pass in the night. But though the aspect of the enterprise has altered its importance has increased. Puerto Rico is on the road to Spain. In addition it forms a square of the geographical chess-board on which Imperialism is to be played. As recited here recently, the island has never been taken. During the long and tolerably tedious wars of England, France and Spain the Antilles, Lesser and Greater, were little else than grab-bags about which nations fumbled and fought. It was the conformation and products of Puerto Rico which preserved her from successful attack. The four or five hundred-ton transports of those days were unsuited for the conveyance of an army such as that of General Miles. The guns of the period were impotent against the rock-hewn defenses of San Juan. The mountainous stream-strewn soil prevented an assault by land. Moreover, there were fevers and there were hurricanes more violent still. The season for the latter has just begun. The nearest harbor can't have been any too safe. But at Guayama, on the other side of the island, there is a road straight to San Juan. Should General Miles have elected to go that way he won't need excursion tickets.

SCOVEL's enterprise at Santiago has been variously viewed. If it have one saving element it is that of originality. In the annals of war it is without a precedent. In the records of journalism it is unique. These points are generally admitted. That which has not been considered is the affront to Spain. In the heart of a city just surrendered by her, in the presence of her conquered troops, her victor is slapped in the face. The battle of Manila ran through several versions in the Spanish press before the correct account appeared. The same is true of Cervera's defeat. After the bombardment of San Juan it was reported that Sampson had been repulsed with great loss. There are these incidents, there are others besides. The result is that readers over there have grown skeptical. It is sufficient for them to read anything in their papers to know that it is not so. As a consequence, when they are told that, while in the very act of taking possession of their capitulated city, this country, in the person of a commanding officer, was publicly insulted, only by imbeciles will the tale be believed. Yet when the story is verified shall not the humiliation of Spain be complete? Defeat has been ever bitter to her, but to be defeated one minute by a general whose face is slapped the next is an affront which she had yet to endure. It is the finishing touch. As for Scovel, shooting is too good for him. In the annexed district of Hawaii there is a leper settlement. It would be an act of clemency to let him die there, lingeringly, a little at a time.

THE COMPAÑIA TRANSATLANTICA ESPAÑOLA's award of the contract for the conveyance of General Toral's troops to their ultramar homes is another story which readers of the Peninsular press won't find easy to credit. The announcements that Mr. McKinley was a Chinaman, that his Cabinet was composed of negroes, that he had committed suicide, that Montojo had beaten Dewey and Cervera escaped from Schley were accepted in Spain as matters of course. They were in harmony with ante-bellum ideas. But now that the few errors which these announcements contained have been corrected, this fresh legend will be regarded as a censor's jest. It is reported that despatches relating the hospitable fashion in which Cervera's men were treated, while creating a profound impression over there, are not fully credited yet. No wonder at that. The poor devils have been deceived so often. But now, on top of all this, to expect them to believe that a government which has

sent two of their squadrons to the bottom could put a profitable job in the hands of one of their own concerns, is really asking too much. As a matter of fact, it is magnanimous, but it is business as well. One or two more strokes like that and Spain will not merely sue for peace, she will sue for an alliance with us besides.

COMMODORE WATSON seems to have thrown a scare into the people on the Spanish coast. A fortnight since the inhabitants of Cartagena were reported as particularly alarmed. One need not blame them for that. There was an hour, though, when they were less timorous. That was during the presidency of Castellar. It occurred to them at the time that it would be nice to be independent. Within the republic they made another. Invited to surrender, they laughed their defiance. Their hearts were stout and their memories good. "Not an inch of our territory," they proclaimed, "not a stone of our forts." Promptly besieged, invested and bathed with bombs, by way of reprisals—or, it may be, in search of them—they projected two gunboats from the port. Without were some German battleships. By the latter the gunboats were seized as pirate craft and treated accordingly. When the news of the misadventure got back to Cartagena, there and then on the old kaiser and his young empire war was formally declared. That is but a quarter of a century ago. In view of their present attitude it must be that they regard the United States as more formidable than they once considered Germany. In which case their judgment is to be commended.

MISS DELESDERLER of Oklahoma is reported as having organized for war purposes a troop of sharp-shooting cowgirls. Rough riders of this variety have been signaled before. Pliny told about some he knew. Joaquin Miller has described others. Boadicea must have been a host in herself. Historically, we are therefore more or less acquainted with their attractions. The question arises, how will they appeal to Mr. Secretary Alger? The matter is one of extreme delicacy. If he send them to the front won't he have to send chaperons also? and in that case who is to care for the chaperons? A chaperon may be defined as a lady of a certain age who sits around and fans herself and looks away. The agility necessary at the front, and even at the rear, is of a nature to diminish this usefulness. A lady occupied solely in supervising her own safety will surely forget that of her charges. Meanwhile, what will those charges be up to? That is the point for Mr. Secretary Alger to decide. Spaniards are great chaps with the girls, and from this particular contingent there is no telling what comfort they might obtain. With high strategy they might whisper, "Kiss me and kill me, but kiss me first." The latter ceremony performed, thoughts of the other would evaporate. That is the way with girls. In view of which it looks as though their comforting capacities might be better employed at home.

PEACE and rumors of peace, though contradicted, continue. But is there any reason why the article should not come from this side of the house as well as from the other? Our courtesy is becoming so Oriental that overtures to that end would be but an added grace. Moreover, it would take the wind out of the few sails that Spain has left. It might look as though we were playing to the gallery, but the existence which one leads in the minds of other people has always been a matter of indifference to the wise. To us belong the spoils, and with them we might readily afford to make the propositions. Emanating from Washington instead of from Madrid, they would be oil to the rusty machinery which is the honor of Spain. To a victor so gallant she could but wave her tattered mantilla.

ZOLA's flight into the wilderness deserves explanation. There are honest men everywhere, even in prison. Zola could have gone to jail. With the air of a martyr, a change of linen and a metaphysical theory he might have done time very agreeably. No one, not even a critic, would have thought the less of him, would have thought of him, for that matter, at all. People in jail are forgot. Of which being profoundly aware, he disguised himself with a false shirt-front, eluded justice, and emerged into leaded type once more. The proceeding, if new in literature, is not brilliant. But it has its excuse. An author who lacks originality is compelled to find fresh ways of being dull.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE WAR AND OUR INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS

THAT the successful prosecution of the present war against Spain depends upon the attitude of the great European powers will be clear to any one who recalls the history of the Cuban question. Ever since the liberation of the Spanish colonies on the American mainland, our State Department has contended that the disposition of Cuba was a matter in which only the United States and Spain were concerned. To this assertion France has never assented, nor had England up to a few months ago. Both of those powers have West Indian possessions, and both are deeply interested in the cutting of a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Each of them has

contemplated the seizure of Cuba for itself; England actually took Havana in 1762, and France organized an expedition against it in 1825. There have always been, in fact, during the last seventy or eighty years, four claimants of the island, Great Britain, France, the United States and Spain, and, when it began to seem probable that the last-named power could not long retain it, efforts were made to bind the other three countries to leave it independent. In 1852, Great Britain and France proposed to the United States a tripartite, self-denying treaty by which each of the parties should renounce all intention of acquiring Cuba, and should agree to discountenance all endeavors to that effect on the part of others. To this treaty the Washington government refused to subscribe, whereupon it received a notification from the British Foreign Office that England would not, for a moment, admit the claim that the United States alone had a right to have a voice in the matter. Such was the situation in 1875, when the former Cuban insurrection had lasted for seven years, and when our Government, justly exasperated by the capture of the "Virginis" and the summary execution of many American citizens, was resolved to interpose for the purpose of restoring peace in Cuba. So nearly was the resolution carried out that General Grant is said to have prepared a message on the subject. At the last moment, however, he was persuaded to stay his hand by Mr. Fish, his Secretary of State, for the reason that both England and France had refused to countenance the intervention and would have attempted to restrain us by force, had we disregarded their refusal. It was the knowledge of these facts and the assumption that France and England would persist in the attitude, which they had hitherto maintained, that emboldened Spain to treat with indifference President McKinley's remonstrances against the continued devastation of Cuba and the cruel treatment of the *reconcentrados*. The assumption seemed reasonable enough, for recent events in the Far East have made Great Britain and France more keenly interested than ever in a new route to China by way of a canal cut through the American isthmus.

The illusions of the Madrid government on this subject were shared in Paris, and the result was that, not long before our declaration of war, the French Foreign Office, backed by the Vienna government, which, for dynastic reasons, was eager to help the Queen-Regent Christina, proposed to the chief maritime powers that they should jointly forbid the United States to interpose in Cuba. France, it must be remembered, had a strong pecuniary motive for desiring to avert the loss of Spain's colonial possessions and the consequent depletion of the Madrid treasury, for Spanish securities to the amount of \$800,000,000 are owned by citizens of the French Republic. Precisely how the French proposal was received in St. Petersburg is uncertain. Russia could not altogether decline to back her French ally in a matter of great pecuniary and commercial importance to the latter, and she seems to have agreed at all events to co-operate in addressing a friendly communication to our government to the effect that our interference with Spain in Cuba would be witnessed with regret. That, in the event of our proving recalcitrant, Russia would have proceeded a step further and combined with other powers to coerce us, is extremely doubtful; our own opinion is that Russia would have reverted at the last moment to her traditional attitude of friendship for this country and would have left others to bell the cat. As it turned out, there was no need of choosing between her old friend and her new ally, for Germany, when invited to join the proposed Cuba concert, made her consent contingent upon England's co-operation. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, seems to have taken for granted that the conditions would be easily met, for he remembered the position taken by England in 1875, and supposed that the feeling of her government toward the United States had been rendered even less friendly by the Venezuela affair. To his surprise, the British Foreign Office not only declined peremptorily to take any part in the projected anti-American combination, but went further, and allowed it to be known that it would not even maintain neutrality. Thereupon, the whole scheme of European interposition in restraint of our country fell to pieces; Germany would have nothing to do with it, and Russia hastened to withdraw even her perfunctory approval. For France and Austria, thus left in the lurch, there was nothing to do but to hide from the United States as well as they could the proof of their hostile machinations and to issue semi-official denials of any design to interpose. So far, then, as Cuba and Porto Rico are concerned, the two powers which formerly barred us out of the Caribbean, have now, the one willingly and the other unwillingly, left to us entire liberty of action.

Much more serious is the international problem presented in the Philippines. The fate of those islands is a matter of great moment not only to Great Britain, France and Spain, but also to Germany, Russia, China and Japan. The diplomatic representative of the Pekin and Tokio governments, as well as the ambassadors of the German Empire and the French Republic, have already requested President McKinley to indicate his intentions with regard to the Philippine archipelago. The balance of power on the western shores of the Pacific was not affected, so long as the islands remained in the hands of Spain, which was strong enough to repress piracy, but not strong enough to constitute a factor of appreciable weight in an international coalition. Should the Philippines, on the other hand, fall under the control of any of the great maritime nations which already pos-

sess coigns of vantage in the Far East, the balance of power would be upset, owing not merely to the wealth and population of the islands, but to their unrivaled strategic position. In the hands of Germany, for example, they would be a perpetual menace to the French dependencies in Farther India, to the British establishments at Singapore and Hong Kong, to the Japanese island of Formosa, and to the southeastern coast of China. In the hands of France, they would, in conjunction with Anam and Tonquin, convert the so-called China Sea, which is the great highway of travel between Europe and the Far East, into a French lake. To Great Britain, they would prove more valuable than any territory on the Chinese mainland, because they could be more easily defended, and the base which they would offer for the operations of a fleet would assure to England ascendancy in every Chinese seaport. Could Japan secure the archipelago, she would double her insular possessions, and would become a formidable competitor for the eventual acquisition of the great islands further south. There is no doubt that, next to the Spaniards, the great powers would prefer to see the Americans established at Manila, provided, of course, we did not enter into a political alliance with Great Britain. Had we made the mistake of forming such a league, all the great maritime nations interested in the Far East would have combined to bar us out of the Philippines, and they would have the sagacity to fight now, while our navy is comparatively small, and can render, therefore, to Great Britain much less assistance than it will be able to give some years hence. By adhering to our traditional policy of avoiding entangling alliances, we shall excite the minimum of jealousy and apprehension, and shall undoubtedly be suffered to control the Philippine archipelago, either as annexed territory or under the guise of a protectorate. On the one hand, we can be relied upon to avert a recrudescence of piracy on the coasts of Mindanao and in the smaller islands adjacent, while, on the other, no encroachments upon the Chinese seacoast are expected from the United States. From this point of view, we should be as desirable a neighbor as was Spain, whose day of conquest had been long recognized as past. It should, however, be borne in mind that, under the name of a protectorate, something more substantial than the assertion of nominal suzerainty will be looked for. Except in Luzon, it would be necessary to maintain a permanent military and naval force in order to assure internal peace and order, and even in Luzon, it is doubtful if the half-civilized Tagals would long obey a government of their own, unbuttressed by the direct exercise of American authority.

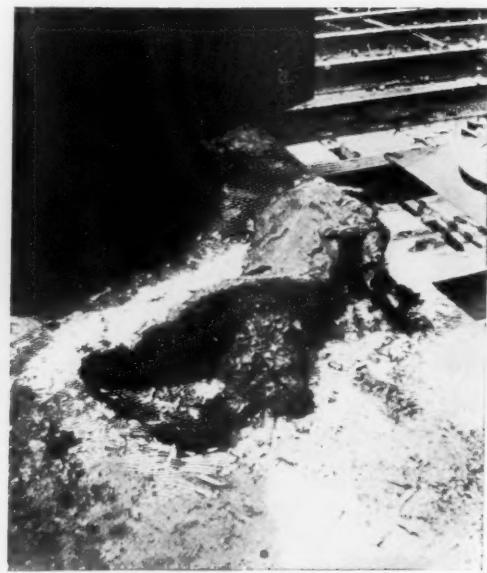
The retention of the islands by the United States, in the capacity either of owner or of protector is, as we have seen, the one easy and pacific solution of the international problem presented by the Philippines. Give them back to Spain we cannot, for we have contracted special obligations to the insurgents under Aguinaldo which it would be shameful to repudiate. We cannot sell the islands to any one of the great maritime powers without provoking the others to vehement remonstrance, which would quickly lead to war. The alternative to our own occupation of all the islands is to leave the disposition of them to a congress, in which all the powers interested in the Far East, including China as well as Japan, should take part. The aim of such a congress would be to divide the archipelago, but there would be much bickering before the division was effected and much heartburning after it had taken place. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the distribution made by the congress would be of more than temporary validity. The most important regulation framed by the Congress of Berlin was set aside in the course of a few years, and there is no reason to believe that boundaries drawn in the Philippines would prove more durable, in view of the feverish condition of the Far East.

It may be imagined that the administration of the Philippines would prove a costly undertaking. As a matter of fact, the customs duties levied under our tariff at the port of Manila alone would far more than defray the cost of maintaining a considerable fleet and army. Hereafter, under the stimulus given to the productive resources of Luzon by our laws and institutions, the exports and imports of that island are likely to undergo astonishing expansion. If this is true of Luzon, where the Spaniards have been engaged for three centuries in the cultivation of the soil, it is still more true of the smaller islands further south, and especially of the great island of Mindanao, which is nearly as large as the State of Pennsylvania, and which is, as yet, unexplored by Europeans, with the exception of some portions of the coast. Assuming that we should apply our own tariff in the Philippines—high as it is, foreigners will find it much more acceptable than was the Spanish, both as regards the nominal dues and the method of collecting them—we may look forward to receiving at the outset from the Philippines a large addition to our national revenue over and above the expenses involved in the occupation.

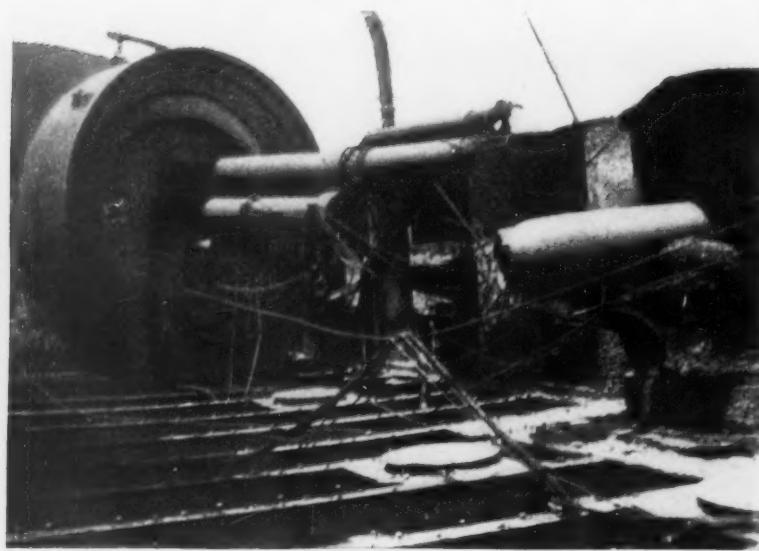
Should the war last but six months, it will have cost us over \$500,000,000; if it continues a year, the outlay will be nearly double. The interest on either of those sums can be met without imposing heavy taxes on our own citizens, provided we retain the Philippines. No such a result could be attained for many years to come, if we had to rely upon the revenues of Porto Rico and Cuba alone. There are, therefore, strong financial as well as humanitarian and strategic reasons for keeping the Philippine archipelago.



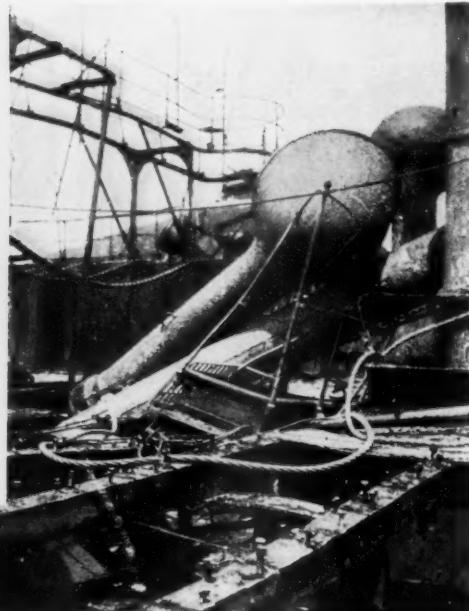
"MARIA TERESA"—STARBOARD SIDE



CHARRED REMAINS OF A SPANISH GUNNER



THE FALLEN MILITARY MAST OF THE "VIZCAYA"



NEAR THE BRIDGE OF THE "VIZCAYA"



A DEAD STEER ON MAIN DECK OF "OQUENDO"

ON BOARD CERVERA'S DESTROYED CRUISERS

Special correspondence of "Collier's Weekly"; illustrations from photographs by a naval officer

THE Spanish flagship "Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo" were still in smoke and parts of them in flames when they were boarded by a party of naval officers and a press correspondent from Sampson's fleet.

The wrecked cruisers were lying with their huge bows upon the beach and with their sterns half buried in water; their sides were torn by great projectiles, and discolored by the fire that had been raging since early morning. These were the sad relics of the proud warships that had dashed out to meet the American fleet! They were a spectacle to fill any man's or lover

of good ships with pity, for they had been among the finest of their class.

Making the small boat fast at the gangway, the Americans climbed the sea-ladder to the upper deck of the "Maria Teresa," where they stood upon the beams, appalled by their own work. Not an inch of wool-work remained, and from the masts hung the blackened rope-ends that had served as whips and tackles.

Stepping carefully from beam to beam, the party made its way aft to what had once been the cabin of the Spanish admiral. It had been completely gutted, but the few pieces of broken china, melted silverware and the brass andirons showed it had been richly furnished. Blackened books and parts of glass doors were all that remained of Cervera's library.

Lowering themselves, by means of ropes, from deck to deck, the party entered the engine-rooms. The burned bodies of the firemen proved they had been faithful to the last, while shovels, grate-bars and fractured boiler-plates thrown in terrible confusion indicated that hundreds must have

been crushed beneath them. The horrors of the lower decks were hidden by the immense volumes of water that had entered the pierced sides. From the fire-rooms to the bows, the deck was in utter darkness save for a sort of dim twilight entering the holes made by our fleet's rapid-fire guns. There, a most sickening sight of dead and mangled sailors compelled the visitors to turn back, unable to realize that such havoc could have been accomplished in so short a time. Truly, it would have turned the heart of the bravest warrior of the fleet.

According to the Spanish custom, Cervera's ships had carried cattle and sheep on board for food. When the vessels had "cleared for action," these animals were not removed, and so were carried into the thickest of the fight. Startled by the roar of guns and by the blinding smoke, the poor brutes had rushed wildly into hatchways and small compartments, where, unable to turn about or escape, they had been stifled by smoke and roasted by the angry flames. One only had reached the upper deck and mounted the forecastle, where it had helplessly fallen, not daring to jump into the sea.

The guns were in excellent condition and many of them were still loaded with shells originally intended to pierce the American ships. By the breech of a gun in the starboard battery was found the charred body of a Spanish gunner, who, being wounded, was unable to escape with his more fortunate comrades who took to the boats. Weary of the wreck and smoldering ruins, the boarding-party entered their boat and pulled out to the American fleet.

W. STANLEY CHURCH.

C. H. Roth.

W. E. Cheevers.

Jean Goff.



AT THE INVESTMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

(Pictures by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARE and FLETCHER C. RANSOM)

1. Three 71st N.Y. Men—the first Volunteers to reach the San Juan Blockhouse, July 1. 2. Drinking Water for the Firing Line. 3 and 4. Capron's Battery in Action. 5. Captain Capron indicating Positions of the Enemy. 6. Band of Twelfth Infantry playing National Airs. 7. Staff Officer observing the Enemy.

THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE AT EL CANEY

Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY

"WE HAVE three barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they amongst so many?"

This passage of Holy Writ was brought vividly to mind by the sight I witnessed to-day at El Caney. It was estimated that at least ten thousand people left Santiago de Cuba on Monday, July 4, on the occasion of the withdrawal of non-combatants, and since then they have been augmented by more exits from the doomed city and also by the return of the inhabitants of Caney, who had fled to the hills, until it is estimated that there are at least twenty thousand souls there to-day, counting children, without the slightest visible means of subsistence. A great number of our own troops are getting only a half supply of rations, so it can hardly be expected that we can supply the wants of these people. However, the commissariat has been called upon to send up some supplies and the Red Cross Society has opened a depot of relief, which is in charge of a Mr. Bangs, who was not allowed a minute's rest during my stay—a matter of some eighteen hours. Two cows had been sent in by Generals Ludlow and Lawton; one was killed and made into soup the day I arrived and the other was killed the following morning, but it was only like a drop in the ocean to the clamoring mob waiting for relief. Flour had been distributed, but it was brought back again; the people did not know how to use it—they are a most helpless lot—so bakeries were established and large biscuits made. I did not envy Mr. Bangs his job. As the crowd pushed the apathetic Cuban guards back and surged in on him in the old church that was used for headquarters he would shout to one, "Go and fetch some water from the brook"—which, by the way, was being polluted by the newcomers as fast as possible—"then I will give you some biscuits." "Go and get some wood for the fire," to another, "and I will give you some jerked beef." "Get out of here!" to some strong-looking men; "women and children first." And so on—one continuous string of appeals and commands. I gave one little child a piece of a cracker I had with me and immediately saw a strong man snatch it away and make off before I could get a chance to interfere. I felt sick at heart to have to refuse so many appeals for food, for some who begged were undoubtedly dying of starvation. Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, who was fortunate enough to possess a small tent and had made himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances, told me that he had not had a moment's rest from people coming to him and imploring him to help them, when, in point of fact, he did not have enough for his own family, which consisted of his wife, her mother, and his son; his daughters, fortunately, had gone away on a man-of-war.

But in the midst of all the distress and misery I could not help noticing how bloodthirsty the race is. A mother and daughter were standing by me when the last cow was killed. The butcher very skillfully stood by the side of the animal, reached to his spine and plunged a knife into it, withdrew it and plunged it in again, and repeated the operation a third time, when the poor beast rolled over dead. I instinctively turned away from the sight, and was horrified to note the intense interest the women were taking in it and how their eyes glistened with pleasure as they murmured their approbation of the butcher's skill. I may, of course, have judged them wrongfully; it may have been the delight with which they were anticipating the coming meal, but I don't think there could be any mistake—the ex-



JAMES H. HARE.

Staff Photographer of "Collier's Weekly," from a Photograph taken at the Front, Santiago

pression of their faces clearly showed how they enjoyed the spectacle of bloodshed and slaughter.

When I was nearing the town the previous night I heard loud hurrahs and shouts a mile away; they sounded for all the world like the roar of the waves on the shore; and when I finally arrived there I met a party of American soldiers who were just making their escape from the attentions of the mob, who immediately transferred their affections to me. I was patted on the back, embraced, kissed by colored ladies, and finally hoisted on their shoulders and carried in triumph to the ruined church, despite my efforts to extricate myself. I don't think I was ever in so ludicrous a situation, and the beauty of it was I was afraid to let my camera out of my hands; so I spent a most uncomfortable time. When at last I was able to fathom the mystery of so extraordinary an ovation, I discovered that some officer had announced a few hours previously that Santiago had surrendered and that they would all be back home in twenty-four hours—a premature statement, as events proved.

However, I was carried in triumph to the ac-

companiment of "Viva Americano!" "Viva Cuba Libre!" etc., etc. The most ridiculous part of the whole business was that I was entirely a non-combatant, had not fought for Cuba Libre, was simply a peaceful photographer seeking scenes to interest the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and my native modesty strongly rebelled at receiving such undeserved applause. I almost felt as if I were acting fraudulently in receiving such treatment; but it was a matter of utter impossibility to make one's self heard, so I had to accept the inevitable. However, next day I made my exit by noon, for fear of a reaction. I did wisely, and none too soon, for at 4:30 P.M. hostilities were opened again, and I am now writing this to you while the batteries are belching forth their murderous missiles; but the weather is not propitious for photography—there is a slight rain falling and thunder in the air. I am awfully dismal as I think of the poor creatures who are homeless and hungry to-night, and I hope that as we have resumed hostilities we shall go right ahead and put an end once and forever to these scenes of starvation and misery. I have seen numerous corroborations of Sherman's celebrated expression, "War is hell"; it certainly has demonstrated its truth in this campaign. As I write the storm has increased and it is now raining heavily, and our boys are lying in the trenches awaiting the daybreak, when they will once again uphold the reputation of American soldiers, as they did so nobly last week at San Juan and El Caney.

In the meantime, what is to become of the great multitude of the hungry? Truly we need some miracle to enable the small quantity of food available to satisfy every one.

JAMES H. HARE

WITH THE RE-ENFORCEMENTS FOR SANTIAGO

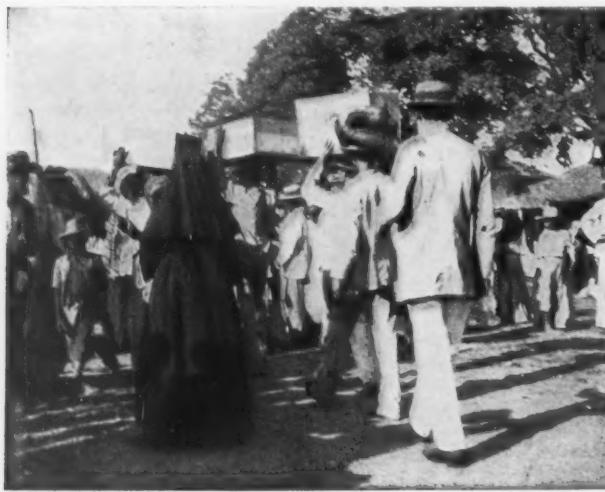
Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY

ACUADORES, CUBA, July 10, 1898

JOINED the auxiliary cruiser "St. Paul" on her last day in New York. Everything was hurly-burly. The ship had finished coaling in the morning, and all day long supplies and ammunition came on the pier and were rushed aboard to be stowed away almost anywhere. Shells and cartridges for large-caliber guns were loaded from the government tug and piled on deck without any regard to ballast. It took most of the night to lower the great thousand-pound shells for the 13-inch guns into the ammunition holds. Then the ship had to be trimmed to reduce her decided list to starboard.

The Eighth Ohio Regiment was embarked during the afternoon. The first detachment of troops arrived from Camp Alger in Virginia about nine in the morning. Company after company came down Fulton Street and on to the great pier of the American Line in the North River until they were nearly thirteen hundred strong. Cheers resounded as the companies came to their places at double quick. Late in the afternoon began the slow process of embarking, the men entering the ship single file over two gangplanks. Blindfolded horses were swung aboard in crates after all efforts had been exhausted to induce them to walk over the gangway like their masters.

It was a sturdy-looking regiment, though raw and uncouth enough at first glance. Recruited from village and farm, with a sprinkling of city men and college graduates, well tanned from camp life, active, erect and full of spirits, they seemed ready to charge any breastwork of the enemy. With their youth—for the average age could not be more than twenty-two or twenty-three—wrote good spirits and a readiness to en-



SANTIAGO REFUGEES UNLOADING THE COMMISSARY'S WAGONS



WAITING FOR RATIONS

FEEDING THE SANTIAGO REFUGEES AT EL CANEY, BEFORE THE SURRENDER

(Pictures by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARE)

dure without complaint no matter what hardships.

It is the proud boast of this regiment that the eyes of the President are upon it. Jim McKinley and Gig Barber, two nephews of the President, are serving as privates in its ranks. Several hundred of the men hail from Canton, O., the President's birthplace. Two of the re-enlisted companies served as the President's body-guard during the late political campaign, and with them goes the best brass band of Ohio. Long-haired "Major" Dick, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, up to recent times served as the President's personal aid-de-camp at the White House. Such are the incentives of the first Ohio men at the front.

When I first met Jimmy McKinley he was scraping a mess of ship's burgoo—an uninviting oatmeal gruel—out of his tin can. When I handed him my scribbled note of introduction, he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and shook me warmly by the hand. His cousin Gig was sleeping face downward on some ammunition boxes near by. Jim kicked him on his upturned heels till he awoke, and was duly introduced to me. After that we all stood around awkwardly till some passing friend swore at the ship's food. This awakened a responsive chord from the two boys, until Jim softened his expletives by adding, "Just the same it's great fun. I have always wanted to go to sea, but I never thought I would go in one of these great ocean liners. Why, it's grand!"

It was well that this comfortable state of mind

was shared by most of young McKinley's comrades, for with such hasty preparations and with a crew of more than five hundred, the accommodations of this once palatial ocean liner were stretched to the utmost. Yet Lieutenant-Commander Driggs, the executive officer of the "St. Paul," had made good arrangements, so that all who wanted berths obtained them; but the majority preferred to sleep on deck where the cool breezes blew, rather than swelter in the cabins below.

All was in readiness and the hawsers cast off when another government tug with ammunition came alongside. But the "St. Paul" must start before dark, and it was already seven o'clock, so Captain Sigsbee would not delay and declined to receive any more stores. But he did delay a short time to recover a deserter who had slipped down on the tug and tried to stow away. It was a sailor

whom bad whisky had converted into a fighting bully; but he was finally downed and handcuffed to be hauled aboard. We backed out into the stream and three tugs assisted us in turning. "Where is New York Harbor?" asked a voice at my side. I looked around into the questioning face of a blue-eyed soldier boy not out of his teens, and somehow a lump rose in my throat as I answered, "This is the harbor; we are right in it."

Our newly painted ship with her immense flag, and deck bristling with guns and soldiers, filled the crowds on the docks and passing ferryboats with the greatest enthusiasm. They gave us a great send-off.

The searchlights of Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton played about us to make sure of our identity; for the "St. Paul" on this occasion was privileged. Contrary to ordinary regulations, she was allowed to pass over the fields of mines and torpedoes after sundown. Our own searchlights were most active in discovering the torpedo buoys to point the way for our pilot. So we slowly passed through the Narrows and Lower Bay, past Sandy Hook, into the open sea. In vain we blew our whistle for a pilot-boat, so we had to drop our pilot at Sandy Hook Lightship. When we were almost out of signal distance, the red and white lights on the Hook began to blink from the signal-tower, and Captain Sigsbee read aloud the message, "General Henry. Wish you luck and victory at the other end." "Good luck and victory" forthwith became the slogan of all, from the humblest privates and able seamen to the brigadier-generals and Congressman clustered on the bridge.

General Guy Henry, it may be remembered, was a lieutenant of cavalry in our Civil War. He was a captain in the famous Seventh Cavalry

and was one of the very few survivors of the battle of Wounded Knee or Custer's Massacre. Out of his company, only he and his bugler escaped. Later he became lieutenant-colonel and then colonel at Fort Meyer, and now he goes to the front as brigadier-general. With him goes General Ames of Lowell, Mass., who was general of volunteers in the Civil War. Representative J. W. Wadsworth of New York accompanies them as a passenger.

About nine o'clock on our first morning out every one hastened to the decks at the firing of some 6-pounders. It was not the enemy nor a supposed prize that we spent our powder on, but a general salute of eleven guns fired in honor of General Henry. Captain Sigsbee and his officers and the other distinguished officers and guests going to the front were on the bridge and the forecastle was crowded with sailors and soldiers. General Henry responded to the salute by saying, "We are with the brave captain of our lost 'Maine' who has now defeated El Terror. We, too, have our work to do when we get to the front, and we have some hard licks ahead of us. Now I wish you all to give three cheers for Captain Sigsbee." The crowd on the forecastle cheered wildly. Captain Sigsbee said in response, "I am glad to take such distinguished soldiers as General Henry and General Ames, and I shall try to do all in my power for them and their men." Now came three more cheers, followed by a deep-growled "tiger."

Later in the day the soldiers were introduced to the bath of the forecastle. A very simple bath it is, and made more simple by the great numbers

bird did not get its bearings and flew in a zigzag course, first east, then west, until beyond view. On one leg of each bird is a band of aluminum with a number and on the other the message. This is placed in a small cylinder of aluminum which is attached to the leg of the bird by a cylinder clasp. The weight is but slight, for the metal is very light and the paper is very thin. Each slip of paper bears the following blank form:

Ship	Hour	Date
Position	No. of birds tossed	

If this bird be captured at sea, please feed and water and allow to depart; if ashore, express C. O. D. to Commandant of nearest Navy Yard.

Message No.

The sailors around ship exhibit some of the comfort bags with their needles, spools of thread and yarn which the ladies of the Hudson Street Sailors' Convalescent Home distributed on the day of departure.

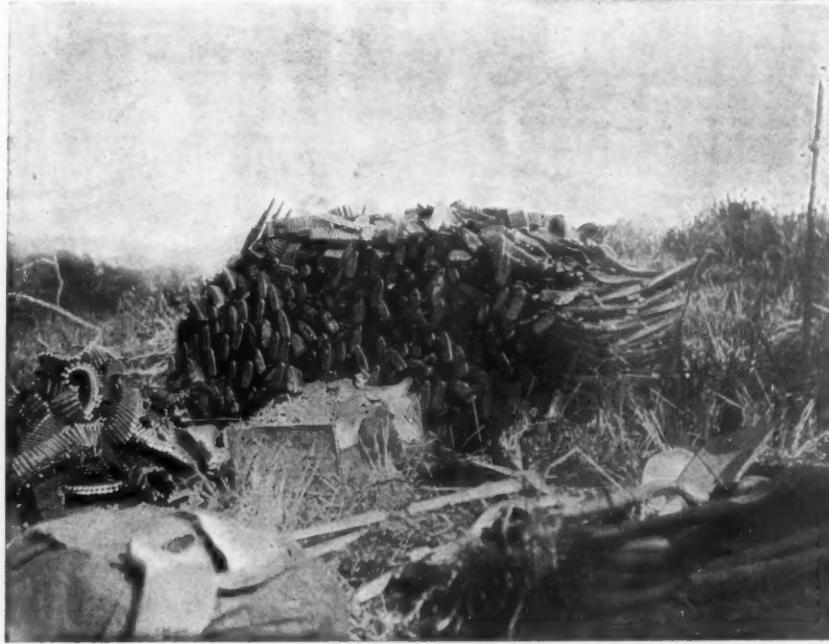
Others have old newspapers and other reading matter sent by publishers. One sailor who was ill with fever in the hospital has a warm spot in his heart for the philanthropic ladies. They were offering to do what they could, when a bayman (nurse) said his patient had not been able to eat anything, and nobody could leave ship for milk. Soon the volunteer nurse returned with a large pail of milk and the sick man felt so revived from this nourishment that he was able to be out next day. He said, "Some say there are no kind people in the world," and then he tried to say more, but failed.

We pass vessels of every description at all times of the day and night, but the "St. Paul" has a precious cargo and, unlike former cruises, does not go out of her course to intercept them. On Saturday we sighted two vessels a few points off our starboard bow, after we

had passed San Salvador, where Columbus first sighted land. There was the greatest desire of all on board to deviate our course somewhat in order to learn the news of Santiago. Suddenly a shrill blast from the siren called the men to quarters at their guns. The vessel proved to be a fruiter from the Indies, so the bugle soon sounded the recall. In answer to our wigwag as to the news of Santiago, all we could catch from the fruiter's signals was "to-day." As this reply went from mouth to mouth there was cheering all round. Some interpreted it that Santiago had fallen to-day and were glad of the defeat of the Spaniards; others said it had not fallen and hoped we might arrive in time to help take the city. A little later in the day we came within hailing distance of No. 19 hospital ship with the Red Cross flag flying at her mainmast. The boys were all ears when Captain Sigsbee roared through the megaphone, "Any news from Santiago?" "No," came the faint reply, and what followed was borne away by the fresh breeze.

The "St. Paul" made a quick run. Three days and a half brought us within sight of Cuba. Early Sunday morning we sighted vessels off Guantanamo Bay. Our flag was still flying over the heights inland. We kept on, and soon ran across the "Vesuvius." Captain Sigsbee hailed her from the bridge. They told us there was a lull in hostilities, to await our re-enforcements. Our troops greeted this news with cheers. We left the "Vesuvius" and soon passed the "Texas." She bore one scar, a hole through her pilot-house, that she had received in the great running fight with Cervera's fleet. The "Brooklyn" next hove in sight with the latest news. It was the request of the Spaniards to be permitted to march out of

(Continued on page 16.)



RIFLES, CARTRIDGE BELTS, ETC., OF OUR KILLED AND WOUNDED REGULARS AT SAN JUAN

(Picture by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARR)



MAJ.-GEN. J. C. BATES
Photographed by Stranahan, St. Louis.



MAJ.-GEN. J. F. KENT



MAJ.-GEN. H. W. LAWTON



MAJ.-GEN. A. R. CHAFFEE



MAJ.-GEN. J. E. WHEELER



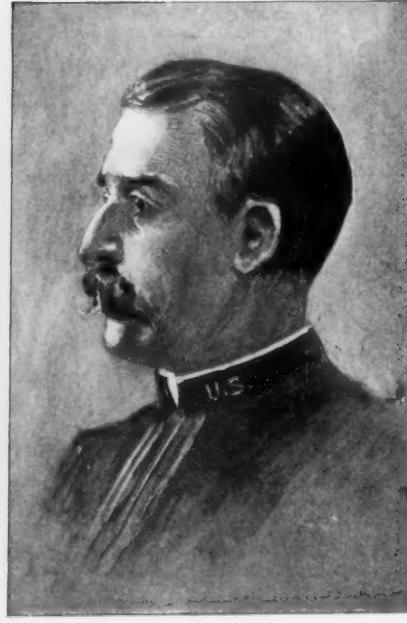
MAJ.-GEN. W. R. SHAFTER



BRIG.-GEN. S. S. SUMNER



BRIG.-GEN. S. B. M. YOUNG



BRIG.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN



MAJ.-GEN. N. A. MILES



MAJ.-GEN. J. H. WILSON



MAJ.-GEN. J. R. BROOKE



BRIG.-GEN. M. V. SHERIDAN



BRIG.-GEN. ADELBERT AMES



BRIG.-GEN. F. D. GRANT



BRIG.-GEN. P. C. HAINS

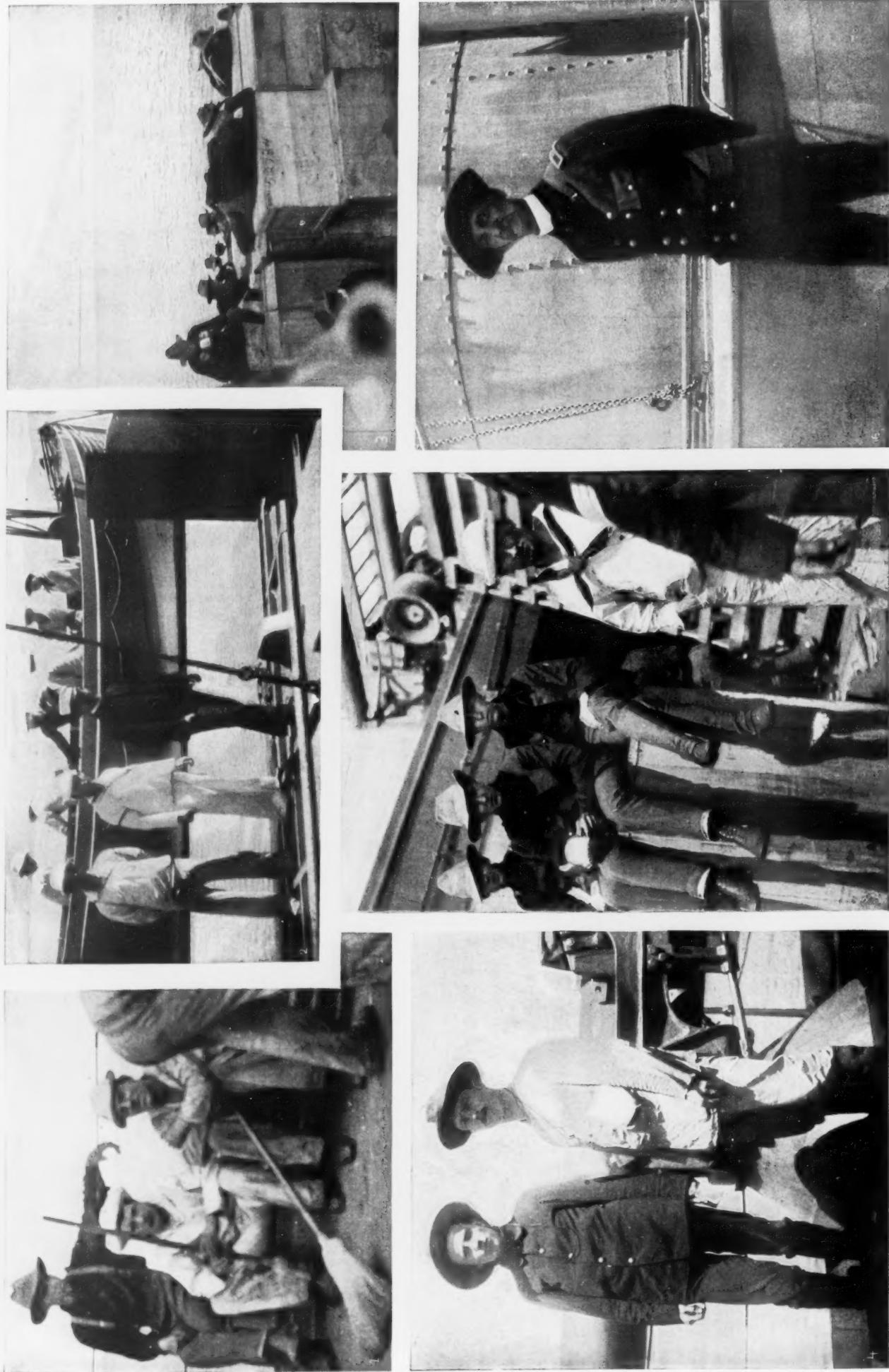


BRIG.-GEN. O. H. ERNST



BRIG.-GEN. GUY V. HENRY

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE PUERTO RICO EXPEDITION



ON BOARD THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL," EN ROUTE TO SANTIAGO

(Photographs by our Special Correspondent, EDWARD EMERSON, JR.—See page 5.)

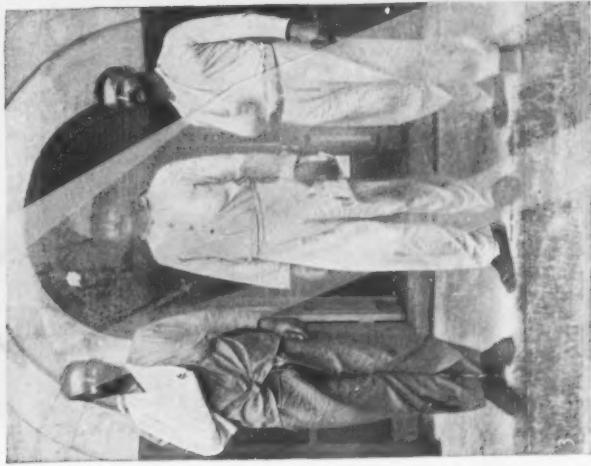
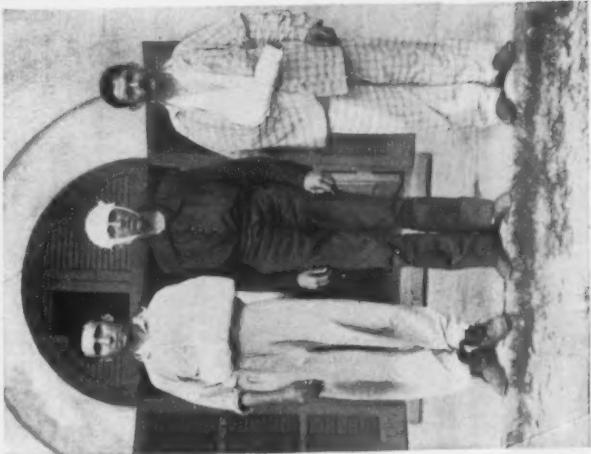
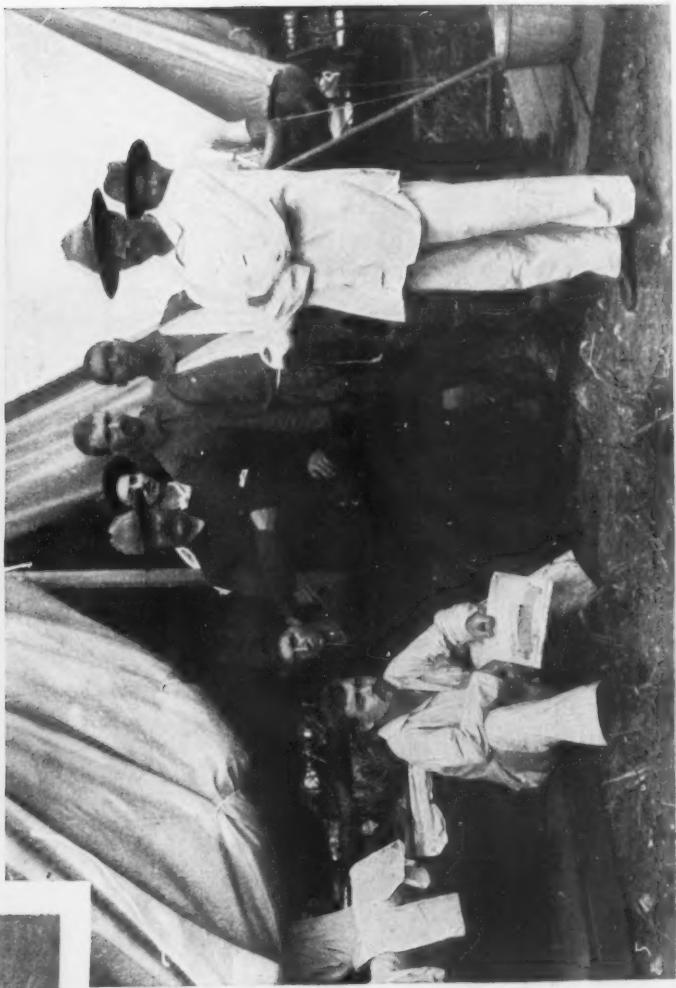
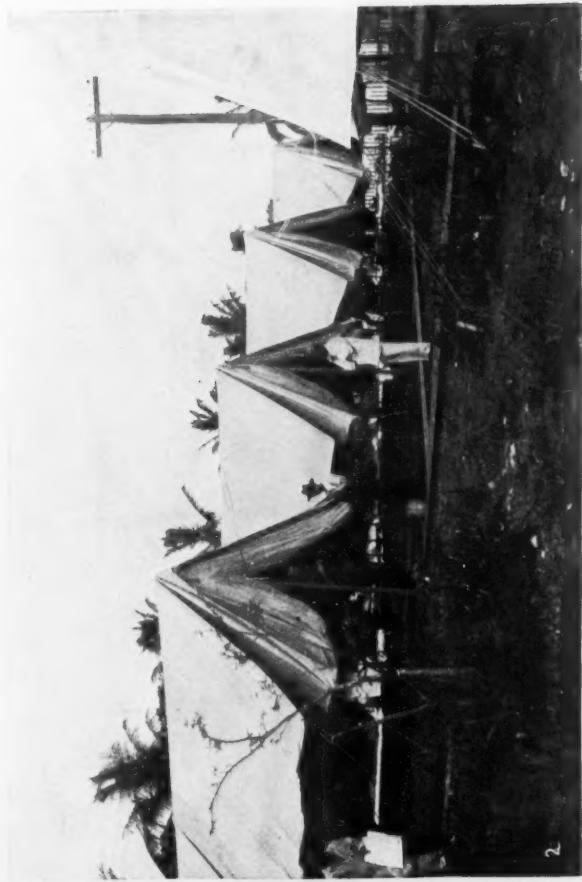
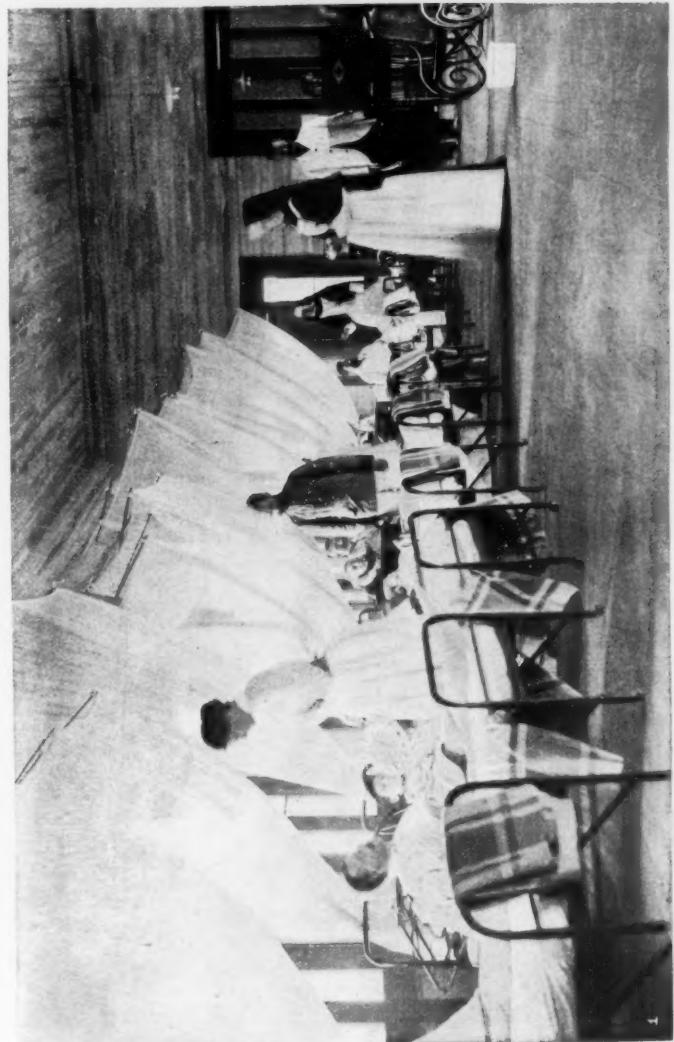
1. Sailors and soldiers exchanging views.
 2. Listening to the band.
 3. The customizing on a transport.
 4. A brace of war correspondents.
 5. Lee Phillips, "Jim" McKinley and "Big" Barber, of the Eighth Ohio—the "President's Own."
 6. Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry.

5. Lee Phillips, "Jim" McKinley and "Big" Barber, of

IN THE HOSPITAL OF THE CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE, AT KEY WEST

(Photographs by LARRY W. N. KING, Jr.)

3 and 4 *Festucalex* Sodalis, a little more isolated at Sanicago, July 3



1. *For the Soldiers' Wives*.—Mrs. Maria Klemens Radoczy, of New York, in *Foreground*.
 2. *Hospital Tents of U. S. Cavalry and the "Round*



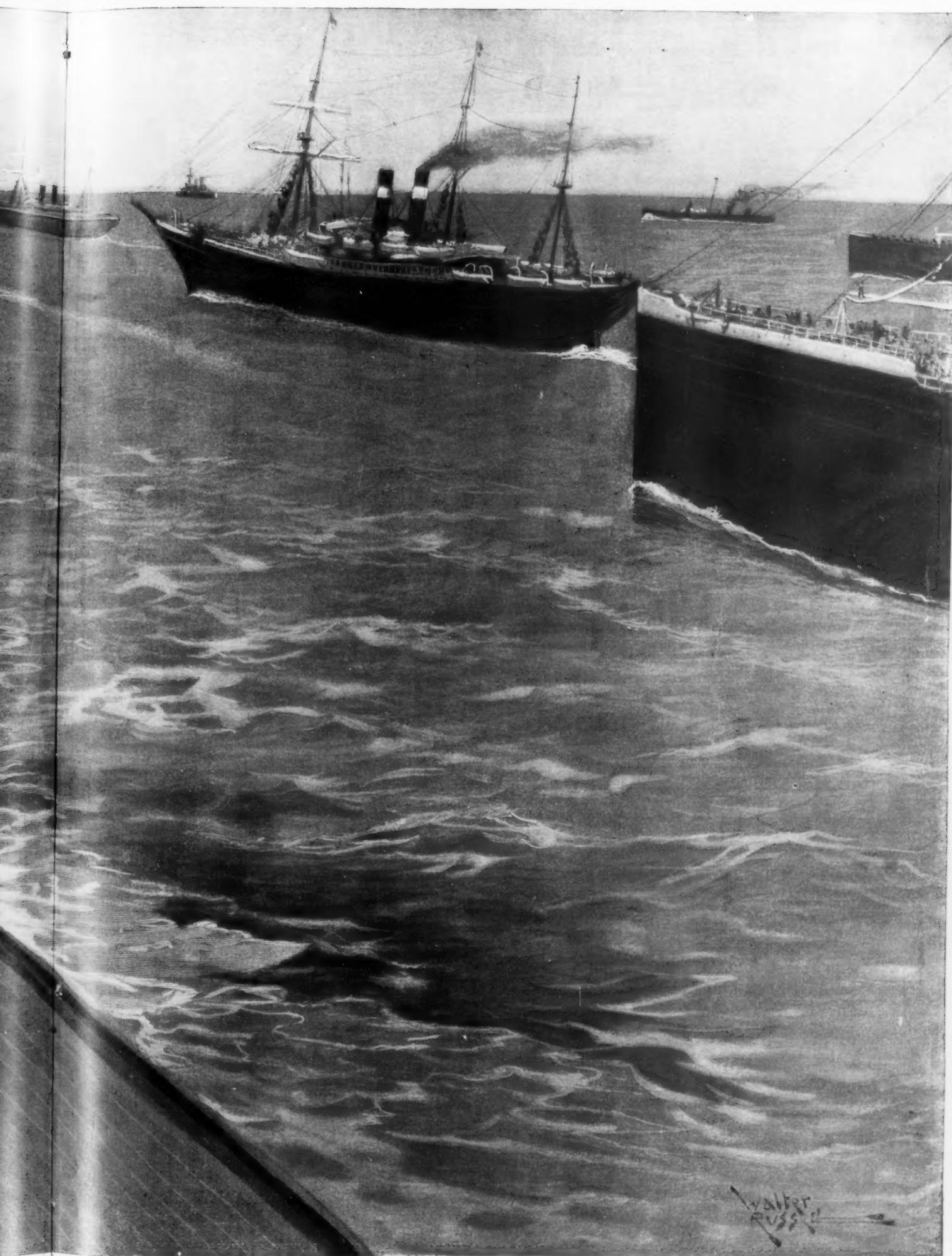
CAPTAIN SIGSBEE

AND HIS DOG

GENERAL HENRY

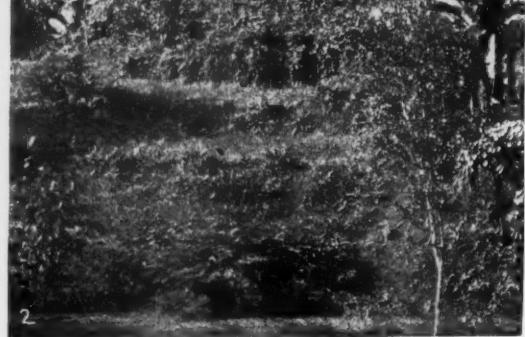
GENERAL MILES' EXPEDITION TO PUERTO RICO, A

(DRAWN BY WALTER RUSSELL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL



RICO, AS SEEN FROM THE CRUISER "ST. PAUL"

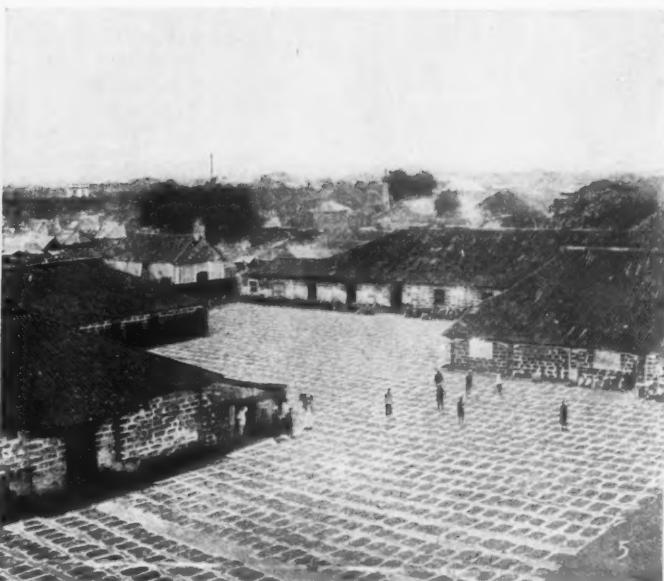
(GRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, EDWIN EMERSON, JR.)



SCENES AND PEOPLE OF THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

(Reprinted from rare Photographs)

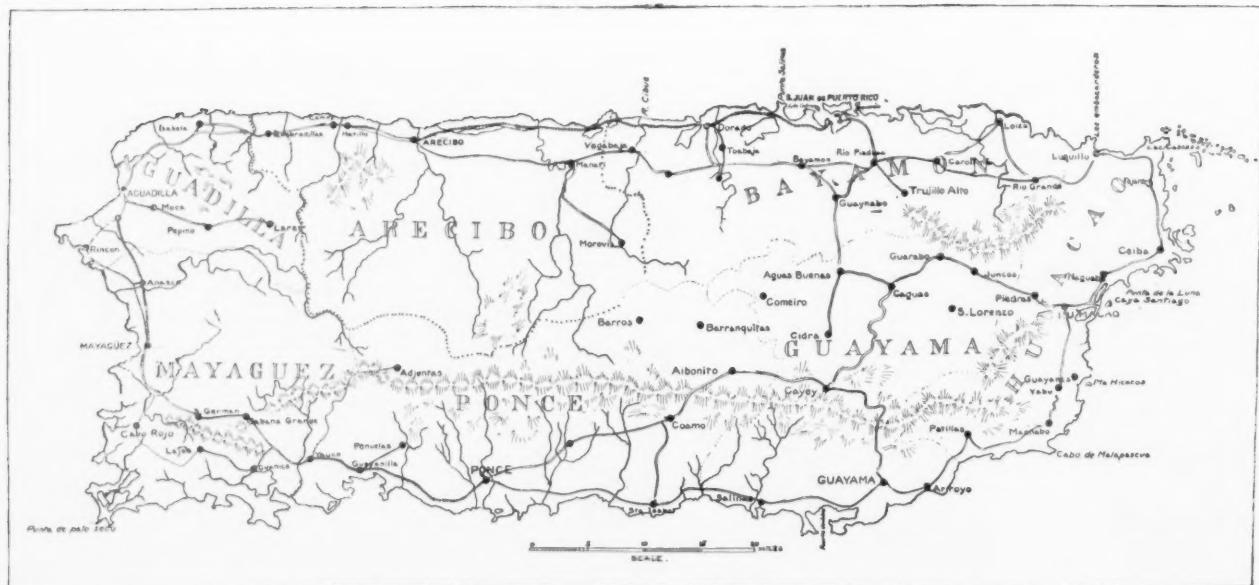
1. On the Right Bank of the Pasig. 2. Church at Majay-jay. 3. Mestizo, or Malayan-Spanish Woman. 4. Native in Street Costume. 5. Place of Execution—Criminal at the Garroting-Post.



FROM DIFFERENT ISLANDS OF THE PHILIPPINE GROUP

(Photographed by HORNIS, of Manila, and others)

1. Licensed Inclosure for Cock-Fighting 2. Tame Buffalo trained to Farm Work. 3. Near Tacloban, Island of Luite. 4. In Pangasinan, the Rice District of the North.
5. Drying Sugar in the Factory Yard.



THE ISLAND OF PUERTO RICO: Drawn from the Army's Information Map

(Continued from page 7.)

Santiago with their arms. On being told of the presence of Brigadier-Generals Henry and Ames on board the "St. Paul," the megaphone of the "Brooklyn" roared forth this message, "Bear to them Commodore Schley's compliments. He wishes them all sorts of good luck."

We steamed up to Aguadilla, and while exchanging signals with the "Wilmington," a vessel inshore raised a signal of distress, and Captain Sigsbee immediately gave the order to the "Wilmington," "That yacht or converted cruiser inshore has made signal that there is a mutiny on board. Go at once and see what is the matter." We also followed. Later the "Scorpion" came out and reported that five men on a collier had mutinied and at first it was thought they could not be put down, but now they were in irons.

The troops are eagerly strapping up their baggage. They are taking with them hardtack and corned beef for three days and one hundred rounds of ammunition. Besides this, all of them carry half a tent made out of cotton duck, with a jointed tent-pole, half a blanket, a poncho and a change of underclothing.

We steam close inshore where the rugged red cliffs of Aguadilla rise from the brilliant indigo waves of the sea. The first boat takes our two brigadier-generals, with their staffs. It returns with a lanky officer in ragged nondescript trousers. He is General Shafter's aid-de-camp, Colonel Astor. Orders are given for the immediate landing of the first battalion. Ten boats at once are lowered from their davits. Soldiers go in each boat, with sailors to man the oars. Colonel Astor goes with them, seated on a box of beef.

As they push off, there comes a mighty cheer from their comrades left on board, and then the oars rise and fall, and the landing of the long-demanded re-enforcements has begun.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

I HEED and hear thee, O mighty mother, with heart all fervor to greet thy cheer; While war-smoke darkens Caribbean waters and death wrecks havoc I heed and hear. Like those pale vapors that pass and vanish above thy meadows at sunlight's blaze, Now pass and perish the long estrangement and alienation of other days. Forgive the doubtings, the misconceptions, the rash o'ervalue of rumor's prate, The acrimony of grievance fancied, the pride that fostered a fancied hate. For all are shattered like brittle fabrics of foam that fringes the turbid brine Where cruise and commerce, where storm and shipwreck, in equal measure are thine and mine. Alert I answer thy love-born message with love-born ardor that flings its flood To meet the shining harmonious havens of kindred purpose and kindred blood.

But yet, O mother, O mighty mother, I may not follow if thou shouldst guide My feet through pathways of toil and peril to courts of conquest, however wide. Thy wondrous island is Greece repeated; thine Athens, London; the glittering deep Of sea and channel is thine Ægean; thy Magna Graecia immense doth sweep. Domain more bountiful thou demandest, wherein thy subjects may range and roam, But all of earth I shall ever need for is near me and round me as help and home. Here seek I victories grand yet bloodless, here bend on error my martial gaze; The guns I man overthrow in silence and mute are the sieges I shall raise.

Not mine the leisure nor mine the longing in quest of glory afar to flee, When ignorance, poverty and anguish are supplications I daily see. Beyond Australias and past New Zealands I rank the triumph these fights would win: Above all India's regal plunders I prize the conquest of human sin. Nay, therefore, mother, O mighty mother, unshadowed friendship I fain would show, Unshadowed friendship, unshaken friendship, unflagging friendship—alliance, No! Make firm our concord, ye Fates immortal—abloom whose petals no frost may fade! For ah, believe me, should danger threat thee, 'twere then alliance, 'twere then glad aid! So, shape and strengthen, ye Fates immortal, a bond to bind us through unborn years; Weave it us, Clotho, let Lachesis twine it, and shield it, O Atropos, from thy shears!

LONDON, JULY, 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

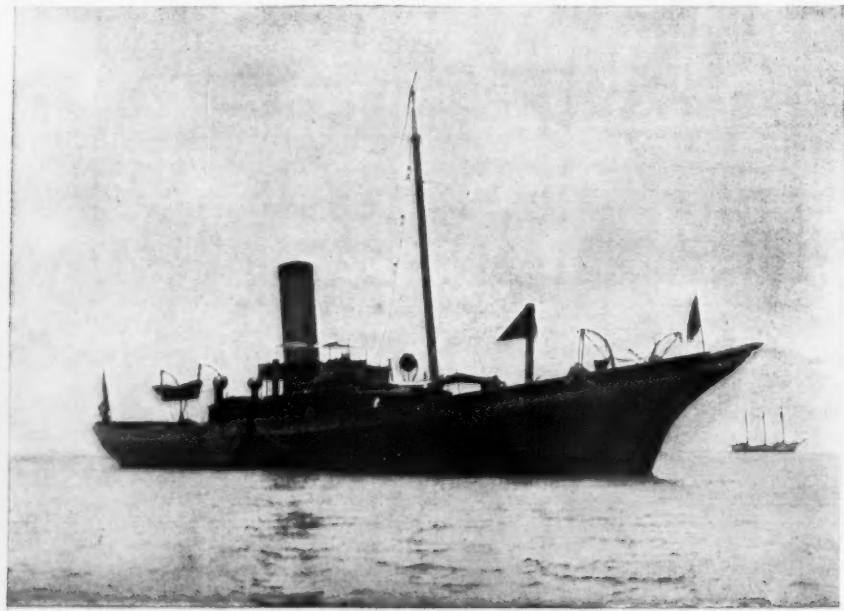
"EAGLE" AND "SANTO DOMINGO"

SINCE the small, slow lighthouse tender "Mangrove" captured the swift, large, armed transport "Panama" there has been no affair on the north coast of Cuba so astonishing as the destruction of the "Santo Domingo" by the "Eagle." The latter is a converted yacht of less than five hundred tons displacement, and is armed only with four 4-pounders. The "Santo Domingo," beside being more than ten times as large as the "Eagle," had two breech-loading rifles of 4.7-inch caliber.

Lieutenant Southerland, commander of the "Eagle," sighted the "Santo Domingo" on the morning of July 13 and immediately gave chase, drove the Spanish vessel ashore, opened a heavy fire on her, and finally sent a prize crew aboard.



LIEUT. W. H. H. SOUTHERLAND



GUNBOAT "EAGLE," LATE THE YACHT "ALMY"



VIEWS OF SAN JUAN HARBOR, PUERTO RICO

(Painted, from Photographs, by WILLIAM RITSCHEL)

1. Northeast Side of San Cristobal Castle. 2. Morro Castle; Lazaretto; Island of Cabros.

HOW WE MADE OUR NAVY

THE signal success which has attended the operations of the American Navy in the waters of Cuba and the Philippines is largely due to the Herculean efforts which the Navy Department has made since the "Maine" was destroyed.

That this is true is shown most clearly by comparing the war-vessels flying the Stars and Stripes with those which sail under the Red and Yellow Castilian banner. Although warned of the approach of hostilities months before war commenced, by the action of the Administration in assembling formidable fleets at Hong Kong and at Key West, threatening the Philippines and Cuba, Spain seemed to lack comprehension of the situation. No attempt was made to strengthen the squadron at Manila. Admiral Montojo, himself, apparently scorned to make preparations to meet the "Yankee Pigs." Two men-of-war which were detached from the Peninsular Squadron and sent to Cuba were withdrawn before the outbreak of the war and attached to the command of Admiral Cervera, which was subsequently bottled up in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and later was utterly destroyed by several vessels of our fleet. The amazingly easy victory gained by Rear-Admiral Dewey's ships at Manila on May 1 and the failure of Admiral Cervera's attempt to escape from the harbor of Santiago de Cuba are partly due to the unserviceable condition of the Spanish vessels and the lack of practice of their gunners, for all of which the lethargy displayed by the Madrid government is directly responsible.

Fortunately for the United States, the work of preparing the Navy for war had begun in the fall of 1890, two months after President Cleveland sent to Great Britain his famous ultimatum in the matter of the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary dispute. Hilary A. Herbert, then Secretary of the Navy, issued orders for the hastening of the work on vessels under construction and for the completion of ships undergoing repairs, and since that time it has been the policy of the Department to keep the navy up to the highest degree of efficiency, and to give officers and men all possible practice in maneuvering, in gunnery and in all of the duties on board ship which would be useful in time of war. But the real work of preparing the navy for the campaign against Spain commenced two weeks after the destruction of the battleship "Maine" in the harbor of Havana on February 15, 1898.

The first action in this direction had for its object the acquisition of warships under construction abroad. Enterprising shipbuilders of England, Germany and France, noting the prospect of hostilities between the United States and Spain, sent agents to Washington to present to the Navy Department propositions for the sale of ships nearing completion in their respective yards or plans upon which swift torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers and efficient cruisers and battleships could be built. The work of these agents was supplemented by the reports emanating from Europe, particularly from Madrid, of the purchase by the Spanish government of Brazilian ships building in England and France and of certain torpedo-boat destroyers approaching completion in Germany and other countries.

Alive to the necessity of having an ample fund available to strengthen the navy and coast fortifications, the President requested Congress to appropriate fifty million dollars for national defense. The request being granted, impetus was given to ship negotiations, and the Navy Department at once cabled to its agents in Europe to report immediately the progress of construction and date of completion of men-of-war building at various shipyards. To prevent Spanish negotiations resulting successfully, Secretary Long determined to endeavor to place options on ships.

Unsuccessful in the execution of this plan, and spurred to action by the report that Spain had practically completed negotiations for the purchase of the Brazilian ships, Secretary Long, without waiting for Commander Brownson to reach England, cabled to Lieutenant J. C. Cowell, the naval attaché of this government in London, directing him to buy the "Amazonas" and "Abreu." These instructions were obeyed at once, and to-day the operations of Rear-Admiral Sampson's men-of-war are greatly aided by the protected cruiser "New Orleans," as the "Amazonas" was re-named. The unfinished condition of the "Abreu" caused this government to direct that she remain at the works of the Armstrongs, and even should she be completed before the close of the war, Great Britain's neutrality obligations will prohibit her departure from British waters.

Notwithstanding the energy of American agents, but three other warships were purchased before the war commenced. These were the gunboat "Topeka," formerly the "Dogenes," also secured in England; the torpedo boat "Manly," a small harbor-defense boat, which was brought to the United States on the deck of a tramp steamer and which is practically useless for war purposes; and a sea-going torpedo boat, officially designated the "Somers," bought in Germany and tied up in England because of the cowardice of the "lime-juicers" engaged as her crew to bring her to the United States. On several occasions, it was thought that the government had bought the Chilean armored cruiser

"O'Higgins," the Chilean battleship "Capitan Prat" and the Argentine armored cruiser "San Martino," but the relations between the two South American republics were so strained at the time, growing out of the boundary dispute in which they were involved, that neither would part with any of its ships. So certain, however, were the authorities that the "Capitan Prat" would be added to the navy that the gunboat "Marietta" was ordered to proceed to Valparaiso with instructions to shift her crew to this vessel, but the instructions were countermanded because of Chile's final decision not to part with the ship.

One other foreign vessel was purchased for war service by the government. This is the cruiser "Buffalo," formerly the "Nichteroy," purchased from Brazil. The "Buffalo" cannot properly be termed a man-of-war, as she was formerly a merchant ship, of the class of the "Yankee," "Dixie," "Prairie" and "Yosemite," and was converted into an auxiliary cruiser, supplied with dynamite guns and sent to Brazil to aid the Rio government in suppressing the revolution which closed in 1894. Before she left Rio de Janeiro, in company with the battleship "Oregon" and gunboat "Marietta," which made their famous trip from the Pacific to Key West, her entire battery was removed, but since entering the American service she has been supplied with a formidable armament consisting of ten 6-inch, two 14-pounders and eight 6-pounders.

So much for the cruisers and torpedo boats. Failing in its efforts to increase the navy to the desired strength by foreign purchases, the government turned to the Revenue Cutter Service, to the Lighthouse Service, and to the merchant marine for ships, which, when selected, were sent to navy yards and private shipyards for conversion into auxiliary warships.

Four different orders were issued by the President regarding the Revenue Cutter Service. The first, approved on March 24, directed the assignment to the navy of the cutters "Gresham," "Manning," "Windom," "Woodbury," "Hamilton," "Morrill," "Hudson" and "Calumet," and the "Algonquin" and "Onondaga," the two last named being under construction at Cleveland. The second, dated April 4, resulted in a cablegram to Captain Hodgson, commanding the "McCulloch," instructing him to proceed from Singapore, where his vessel was lying at the time, to Hong Kong and attach himself to the Asiatic squadron. Four days later the "Perry," "Grant," "Rush" and "Corwin" were assigned to the Pacific squadron. The fourth and last order was dated April 12, and it directed the assignment of the "McLane" to the North Atlantic Squadron. The revenue cutters on the North Atlantic coast and on the Lakes were directed to proceed to the Boston and Norfolk navy yards, where each was supplied with a battery in accordance with the recommendation of a board of officers assembled at those yards. Before the adoption of a recommendation, it was submitted to Captain Charles O'Neil, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, who looked over his list of available guns and determined whether or not it was to the interest of the service to equip the cutters and other converted warships with the strong batteries which their commanding officers desired and which the board recommended. During the period of preparation Captain O'Neil often remarked that a collier would ask for a battery equal to that on board a battleship. It would finally be given an armament amounting to a couple of 6-pounders.

At the same time the transfer of the revenue cutters was determined upon, the President, after consultation with Secretary Long and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, into whose hands had been placed the business of acquiring ships, directed that four lighthouse tenders, three coast survey vessels and two fish commission vessels be armed and added to the Naval Service. As soon as ships were fitted with batteries and magazines they were hurried to Key West, the rendezvous of the North Atlantic squadron.

In the meantime the bureau chiefs of the Navy Department—Captain Charles O'Neil, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; Commander R. B. Bradford, chief of the Bureau of Equipment; Engineer-in-Chief Melville, and Chief Naval Constructor Hitchborn—assembled every afternoon in the office of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and discussed the vessels of the merchant marine which seemed most suitable for conversion into auxiliary warships. As a result of the deliberations of this board, a large number of vessels were selected for purchase, but, in view of the necessity of inspecting each ship before its acceptance, it was determined to appoint an auxiliary cruiser board, of which Captain Frederic Rodgers, now commander of the monitor "Puritan," was president. The headquarters of this board were in New York, and its recommendations for the purchase of ships were generally adopted by the Department. The first yacht purchased was the "Mayflower," owned by the estate of the late Ogden Golet; she was converted into a torpedo-boat destroyer and is doing effective work with the North Atlantic Squadron.

One of the questions which the departmental board early considered related to the purchase or charter of the four American Line steamers "St. Louis," "St. Paul," "New York" and "Paris." It was finally determined to charter these ships,

and the "St. Paul," the first accepted, was sent to the League Island Navy Yard, where she received a battery of eight 6-inch guns. The other vessels, needed for scouting purposes, were taken so quickly that only time enough was given them at New York to recoal and to take four 6-pounders and their mounts aboard, and then they sailed for the West Indies, where they scouted for the men-of-war under command of Admiral Cervera, which were subsequently safely hemmed in in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba since that time their batteries have been greatly augmented.

In addition to auxiliary cruisers, it was necessary to secure a large number of yachts and tugs to perform blockading work and harbor-defense duty; even ferry-boats have been bought and attached to the coast patrol. On account of the lack of fresh water for steaming purposes at Key West, it was necessary for Commander Bradford, chief of the Bureau of Equipment, to secure water-boats. The heavy draught of the armoclasts under Rear-Admiral Sampson's command preventing their entrance into the harbor of Key West, it was necessary to purchase lighters for coaling purposes, and three of these were at once secured and sent south. Recognizing the prospect of operations against Cuba and Porto Rico, Commander Bradford entered into negotiations which resulted in the purchase of all the coal available at St. Thomas, and its transfer to schooners, which were ordered to lie in the neutral waters of the Danish possession until their cargoes were required by American men-of-war. At Commander Bradford's suggestion, the government purchased colliers, which were armed, manned by naval crews, and were therefore entitled to all the rights of extra territoriality.

Secretary Long, at the suggestion of three other bureau chiefs, equipped vessels which have not been employed to any great extent in past wars. At the instance of Surgeon-General Van Reypen, the Department purchased the ambulance ship "Solace"; upon the recommendation of Engineer-in-Chief Melville, the "Vulcan," an engineering repair ship, and two vessels for distilling purposes, were bought; and, adopting the suggestion of the paymaster-general, three supply ships were secured, one of which, obtained in Australia, was loaded with fresh vegetables and meats and sent to Manila, and the remainder are distributing fresh food among the American vessels operating in Cuban waters.

Following is a summary of the vessels comprising the auxiliary navy, with such information regarding them as the reports in the possession of the Navy Department give:

AUXILIARY CRUISERS.

BUFFALO—Length 389 feet, displacement 7,500 tons, armament ten 6-inch guns, two 14-pounders and eight 6-pounders.

BADGER—Length 336 feet, displacement 3,496 tons, armament six 5-inch guns and six 3-pounders.

DIXIE—Length 380 feet, displacement 7,500 tons, armament ten 6-inch guns, six 6-pounders and two machine guns.

HARVARD—Length 517 feet, displacement 11,550 tons, armament eight 5-inch guns and eight 6-pounders.

RAIRIE—Length 390 feet, displacement 7,500 tons, armament ten 6-inch guns, six 6-pounders and two machine guns.

ST. LOUIS—Length 535 feet, displacement 16,000 tons, armament eight 5-inch guns and eight 6-pounders.

ST. PAUL—Length 535 feet, displacement 16,000 tons, armament six 5-inch guns, six 6-pounders and six 3-pounders.

YALE—Length 517 feet, displacement 11,550 tons, armament eight 5-inch guns and twelve 3-pounders.

OSEMETE—Length 380 feet, displacement 7,500 tons, armament ten 5-inch guns, six 6-pounders and two machine guns.

YANKEE—Length 380 feet, displacement 7,500 tons, armament ten 5-inch guns, six 6-pounders and two machine guns.

REVENUE CUTTERS.

ALGONQUIN—Armament two small guns.

CALUMET—Length 94 feet, displacement 174 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 1-pounder and one 47-millimeter gun.

CORWIN—Length 145 feet, displacement 424 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament one 6-pounder and two 1-pounder.

GRANT—Length 163 feet, displacement 407 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament four 6-pounders.

GRESHAM—Length 205 feet, displacement 906 tons, speed 16 knots, armament three 4-inch guns, four 6-pounders and two 1-pounder.

HAMILTON—Length 144 feet, displacement 250 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament one 4-inch gun, two 6-pounders and one machine gun.

HUDSON—Length 96 feet, displacement 174 tons, speed 12 knots, armament two 6-pounders and one machine gun.

MORRILL—Length 145 feet, displacement 397 tons, speed 10 knots, armament two 4-inch guns, two 1-pounder and two machine guns.

MCCULLOCH—Length 219 feet, displacement 1,280 tons, speed 16 knots, armament three 3-inch guns and four 6-pounders.

MCLANE—Length 163 feet, displacement 346 tons, speed 9 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

MANNING—Length 205 feet, displacement 980 tons, speed 16 knots, armament three 4-inch guns, four 6-pounders and two 1-pounder.

PERRY—Length 165 feet, displacement 534 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

RUSH—Length 175 feet, displacement 695 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament three 6-pounders.

WINDOM—Length 170 feet, displacement 525 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 4-inch gun, four 3-pounders and two 1-pounder.

WOODBURY—Length 146 feet, displacement 370 tons, speed 9.6 knots, armament six 3-pounders and one machine gun.

LIGHTHOUSE VESSELS.

ARMERIA—Length 212 feet, displacement 1,052 tons, speed 12.5 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

MAPLE—Length 163 feet, displacement 392 tons, speed 12 knots, armament two 4-inch guns, two 6-pounders and one machine gun.

SUWANEE—Length 275 feet, displacement 2,185 tons, speed 12 knots, armament two 4-inch guns, four 6-pounders and one machine gun.

MANGROVE—Length 165 feet, speed 9 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

FISH COMMISSION VESSELS.

ALBATROSS—Length 200 feet, displacement 639 tons.

GEDNEY—Length 140 feet, displacement 174 tons, armament two 20-pounders, two 37-millimeter guns and two machine guns.

MCARTHUR—Length 115 feet, displacement 130 tons, armament two 20-pounders, two 37-millimeter guns and two machine guns.

PATTERSON—Length 175 feet, displacement 453 tons, armament two 20-pounders, two 37-millimeter guns and two machine guns.

YACHTS.

DOROTHEA—Length 178 feet, displacement 594 tons, speed 15 knots, armament four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders and four 1-pounder.

EAGLE—Length 177 feet, displacement 492 tons, speed 5.5 knots, armament four 4-pounders.

FROLIC—Length 172 feet, displacement 506 tons, speed 11 knots, armament two 3-pounders and two 47-millimeter guns.

GLORIESTER—Length 204 feet, displacement 786 tons, speed 17 knots, armament four 6-pounders and four 3-pounders.

HAWK—Length 154 feet, displacement 545 tons, speed 14.5 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

HORNET—Length 180 feet, displacement 494 tons, speed 18 knots, armament three 6-pounders, two 1-pounder and two 37-millimeter guns.

HISTER—Length 194 feet, displacement 494 tons, speed 14.5 knots, armament one 3-pounder and four 1-pounder.

MAYFLOWER—Length 273 feet, displacement 1,008 tons, speed 18.8 knots, armament two 5-inch guns and twelve 6-pounders.

ONIDA—Length 106 feet, displacement 273 tons, speed 13 knots, armament four 3-pounders.

PANTHER—Armament two 5-inch and two 3-inch guns, troop capacity 1,000.

PEORIA—Length 124 feet, displacement 625 tons, speed 8.5 knots, armament four 3-pounders, two 37-millimeter guns and one machine gun.

RESTLESS—Length 132 feet, displacement 104 tons, speed 16.75 knots, armament one 3-pounder.

SCORPION—Length 250 feet, displacement 850 tons, speed 17 knots, armament four 5-inch guns and six 6-pounders.

SIREN—Length 149 feet, displacement 315 tons, speed 13 knots, armament one 3-pounder and three 1-pounder.

STRANGER—Length 173 feet, displacement 546 tons, speed 14 knots, armament one 14-pounder, two 6-pounders and two 1-pounder.

VIKING—Length 191 feet, displacement 800 tons, speed 16 knots, armament four 6-pounders and four 1-pounder.

VIKING—Displacement 271 tons, armament four small guns.

WASP—Length 194 feet, displacement 750 tons, speed 15 knots, armament four 6-pounders.

YANKTON—Length 185 feet, displacement 879 tons, speed 14 knots, armament one 4-inch gun and six 3-pounders.

TUGS.

ACCOMAC—Length 90 feet, displacement 187 tons, speed 10 knots.

ACTIVE—Length 100 feet, displacement 296 tons, speed 12 knots, armament four 3-inch guns, two 37-millimeter guns and one machine gun.

BALTIMORE—Length 105 feet, displacement 177 tons, speed 10 knots.

CHOCTAW—Length 92 feet, displacement 151 tons, speed 14 knots, armament one 3-pounder.

HERCULES—Length 91 feet, displacement 198 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 3-pounder and one 37-millimeter gun.

IROQUOIS—Length 145 feet, displacement 702 tons, speed 15 knots, armament four 3-inch guns and one 37-millimeter gun.

LEYDEN—Length 90 feet, displacement 316 tons, armament one 3-pounder, one 47-millimeter gun, two 37-millimeter guns and one machine gun.

MONOC—Length 91 feet, displacement 194 tons, speed 10 knots.

MASSASOIT—Length 83 feet, armament one 6-pounder and one 1-pounder.

NEZINSBOT—Armament one 6-pounder and one machine gun.

OSCEOLA—Length 125 feet, displacement 571 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 3-pounder and one machine gun.

PAWNEE—Displacement 257 tons.

POTOMAC—Length 139 feet, displacement 677 tons, speed 18 knots, armament two 6-pounders and one 1-pounder.

POWHATAN—Length 97 feet, displacement 194 tons, speed 13 knots, armament one 3-pounder.

PONTIAC—Length 124 feet, displacement 401 tons, speed 10.5 knots, armament two 6-pounders and two 1-pounder.

PISCATQUA—Length 143 feet, displacement 631 tons, speed 14 knots, armament two 9-pounders and two 37-millimeter guns.

SEMINOLE—Length 102 feet, displacement 122 tons, speed 10 knots.

SIOUX—Length 84 feet, displacement 155 tons, speed 10 knots, armament one 6-pounder and one machine gun.

TECUMSEH—Length 120 feet, displacement 214 tons, speed 11 knots, armament one 1-pounder and one machine gun.

TACOMA—Length 99 feet, displacement 196 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 9-pounder.

UNCAS—Length 120 feet, displacement 441 tons, speed 12 knots, armament one 3-pounder, two 1-pounder and one machine gun.

VIGILANT—Length 105 feet, displacement 300 tons, speed 11.5 knots, armament four 3-inch guns and one machine gun.

WOMPATUCK—Length 130 feet, displacement 462 tons, speed 13 knots, armament three 3-pounders.

COAST-DEFENSE FLEET.

AILEEN—Length 119 feet, displacement 289 tons, speed 11 knots, armament one 3-pounder, two 1-pounder and two machine guns.

APACHE—Length 141 feet, displacement 299 tons, speed 11 knots, armament one 3-inch gun and two machine guns.

ARCTIC—Length 196 feet, speed 12 knots, armament one 60-pounder and two 47-millimeter guns.

BRISTOL—Armament one 6-pounder.

CHICKASAW.

EAST BOSTON—Armament two 47-millimeter guns.

ELFRIDA—Length 108 feet, displacement 173 tons, speed 14 knots.

ENQUIRER—Length 123 feet, displacement 136 tons, speed 13 knots, armament two 1-pounder guns.

FISH HAWK—Length 146 feet, displacement 484 tons, speed 9 knots, armament six 1-pounder guns.

FREE LANCE—Length 109 feet, displacement 192 tons, speed 16 knots.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL—Armament one 5-inch gun, one 3-inch gun and four 6-pounders.

HUNTRESS—Length 104 feet, displacement 185 tons, armament two machine guns.

INCA—Length 113 feet, displacement 92 tons.

KANAWHA—Armament one 3-pounder.

SEAWATER—Armament one 1-pounder.

SYLVIA—Length 130 feet, displacement 302 tons, speed 14 knots, armament two machine guns.

WABAN.

TRANSPORTS AND COLLIES.

AFAREND—Capacity 6,782 tons, armament two 3-pounders.

ALEXANDER—Capacity 7,492 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

BRUTUS—Capacity 5,000 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

CESAR—Capacity 5,834 tons, armament two 1-pounder guns.

CASSIUS—Capacity 4,500 tons, armament one 6-pounder and two 37-millimeter guns.

HESPERIA—Capacity 4,000 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

HANNIBAL—Capacity 4,181 tons, armament two 1-pounder guns.

JUSTIN—Capacity 4,857 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

LEBANON—Capacity 3,375 tons, armament four 6-pounders.

LEONIDAS—Capacity 6,034 tons, armament two 3-pounders.

MERRIMAC—Capacity 7,500 tons, armament two 6-pounders. (Sunk at Santiago de Cuba.)

NIAGARA—Capacity 4,640 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

NANSHAN—Capacity 7,000 tons.

NERO—Capacity 4,925 tons, armament four 3-inch guns.

POMPEY—Capacity 2,975 tons, armament two 3-inch guns.

RESOLUTE—Length 289 feet, displacement 3,712 tons, speed 15.7 knots, armament two 6-pounders, troop capacity 1,000.

SATURN—Capacity 5,420 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

STERLING—Capacity 2,549 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

SCINDIA—Capacity 5,294 tons, armament two 6-pounders.

SOUTHERY—Capacity 4,729 tons, armament two 3-pounders.

ZAFIRO—Capacity 2,620 tons.

REFRIGERATING SHIPS.

CELTIC—Capacity 300,000 pounds of fresh meat, 300,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, ordinary supplies for four months, 450 tons of ice.

GLACIER—Capacity 300,000 pounds of fresh

meat, 300,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, ordinary supplies for four months, 450 tons of ice.

SUPPLY—Capacity 70,000 pounds of fresh meat, 160,000 pounds of vegetables, ordinary supplies for four months, 400 tons of ice.

CULGOA—Capacity 600,000 pounds of fresh meat, 600,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, 3,000 tons of coal.

DISTILLING SHIPS.

IRIS—Capacity 48,000 gallons per day.

NORSE KING—Capacity 48,000 gallons per day.

AMBULANCE SHIP.

SOLACE—Length 342 feet, displacement 6,000 tons, speed 17 knots, capacity 200 patients.

REPAIR SHIP.

VULCAN—Length 255 feet, displacement 2,729 feet, speed 16.6 knots, armament two 6-pounders.

The purchase of merchant ships, while of great importance, was but a step in the direction of increasing the naval strength of this government. It was necessary to build magazines in the holds of the vessels, to strengthen the decks where guns were to be mounted, so that they might stand the strain incident to firing, to remove all unnecessary woodwork, to cover with canvas such woodwork as was exposed and might splinter when struck by an enemy's shell, to build comfortable quarters for officers and crew, and to protect the vitals of the ships and their pilot-houses by means of light steel plates, each of which was one and a quarter inches in thickness. Additional protection was provided for the machinery by surrounding it by coal bunkers. The final operation consisted in giving the converted cruisers their coat of varnish—a dull leaden gray, intended to make them less visible—and then they were ordered to assume the duty for which they had been selected. The work of transformation was performed at navy yards and private shipyards under the direction of naval constructors and the general supervision of Chief Naval Constructor Hitchborn.

Upon the Ordnance Bureau devolved the work of supplying guns and their mounts. Seven weeks before war commenced Captain O'Neil gave instructions to the superintendent of the Washington Gun Foundry to expedite the work of assembling guns. In addition, guns of all calibers were purchased in Germany and England, and contracts were placed with American firms for furnishing the government with weapons intended for secondary batteries for the larger vessels and main batteries for the yachts, colliers and tugs.

Besides guns and mounts, the Ordnance Bureau was called upon to supply powder and projectiles. Early in March, contracts were placed by Captain O'Neil with the various powder and shell firms of the country for unlimited quantities of these munitions. On account of the longer time necessary to manufacture smokeless powder, it was decided to direct contractors, with the exception of one firm, to supply brown powder of all calibers. The experience of the war has thus far shown the great advantage the Spaniards have over the American artillery by their use of smokeless powder. It is not meant by this that the American navy is totally deficient in smokeless powder; three ships now in service—the "New Orleans," "Newark" and "Marblehead"—use nothing else. Captain O'Neil, foreseeing the possibilities of the future, purchased smokeless powder abroad early in April, and the amount so acquired, together with the quantity being turned out by the firm now manufacturing this explosive, is sufficient, it is believed, to carry the service through the present war. Torpedoes, also, were bought in England and Germany and shipped to the United States prior to the commencement of the war.

Recognizing the value of the old war-time monitors for harbor-defense purposes, they were given repairs at League Island and Port Royal, fitted out with supplies of all kinds, including ammunition for their antiquated 15-inch smoothbore rifles, and manned by the naval militia of various States. They were then distributed along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to protect the seaports from the operations of the enemy's cruisers. The machinery of three of these monitors was in such condition that it was necessary to replace it, and the workmen were compelled to lower coil boilers, piece by piece, through the smokestack and put them together below deck. This work was only recently completed, and the monitors are now preparing to perform the duty to which they have been assigned.

Besides fitting out the auxiliary navy, the Department has given close attention to the warships undergoing repair. The cruiser "Newark" entered into service in May, after having been at a navy yard for more than a year. She is now the flagship of the Eastern Squadron. The repairs to the cruisers "Philadelphia" and "Chicago" have been pushed so rapidly that the vessels will be ready for service during the present month, and the cruiser "Atlanta" and gunboat "Yorktown" will enter commission in the fall. With these vessels at sea, the entire navy, with the exception of ships undergoing construction and condemned, will be performing active duty.

NOTE.—We take pleasure in announcing that the Department of Amateur Sport, conducted by Mr. Walter Camp, will begin in our next number.



CAMP OF SECOND UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ("IMMUNES") ON THE TCHEUFUNETA RIVER, LA.

A REGULAR ARMY MAN

THEY did say Andy Burke was a fighting man before ever he came to the fort. He certainly did not look it. He was not undersized, especially, but then he was not big, nor husky, and he didn't go round with lowering brow, and swinging shoulders, and clinched fists, and the terror-compelling voice of a bruiser. You all know how well he fought the other day when the Spaniards attacked the Rough Riders near Santiago; for Andy is in Cuba now and making a name for himself. That name is already made in the West; and many a woman, reading his name in the newspaper despatches, will tremble as she thinks of the day Andy Burke stood between her and Apache fury.

We were disappointed in him at first. He was slender, very straight, but beardless and even sallow. His eyes had a perpetual laugh in them; we found, before he had mounted guard three times, that he could laugh when angry as well as when pleased—only it was such a trying and unfair advantage to take of an adversary.

What made his prowess the more surprising was his habit of singing and his easily proved acquaintance with lines of life unknown to the rank of the regular army. He had some books on the small shelf above his bunk, and he had a way of addressing Saddler Smith as "Horatio," and assuring him that there were more things in heaven and earth than any man in Troop G had ever dreamed of. Sometimes, as he sat on the little bench in front of the quarters, burnishing his carbine or buffing his belt, he would wail line or two about "The heart bowed down," or warble "Come, for my arms are empty," or throw out his chest and beat a sort of bass drum resonance on the words, "The King of kings and Lord of lords."

And that is why we didn't think he could fight. But it wasn't the first time reputation had outrun a new recruit, reaching the fort before him and leaving long before he left. And so Troop G waited for a sign.

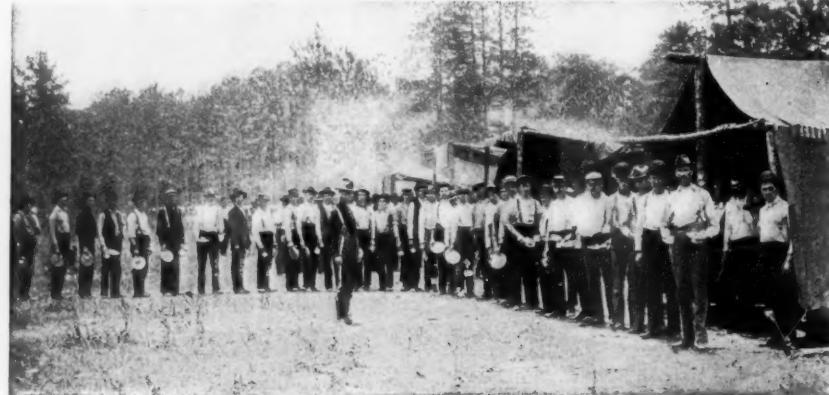
It came soon enough. Marcus Sheedy, high private from the second squad-room, had been detailed for kitchen duty when he thought he should have had a day of leisure. He was in a very bad temper, and we had long ago learned to agree with Marcus when the world went wrong with him. Of course we all wanted a trial by battle; but I think, after all, we felt a little thrill of dread when we saw Andy Burke strolling down the plank walk from the sutler's store and knew Marcus must meet him.

"Get out of my way," says Marcus, with an insolent voice.

That was about the time of fatigue call, and when the bugler sounded assembly for guard-mount the trouble was all over. Andy Burke was washing his hands in the warm spring and looking down regretfully at a tattered pair of trousers, for he was a very tidy soldier, and Marcus Sheedy was sitting exhausted on a cracker box, his limp and useless hands at his sides, his heavy head bent forward and buried in the problem we were all asking—"How did it happen?"

After that Andy Burke took a higher rank than commissions could have given him.

Jim Honan came back to the fort from detail duty with the department paymaster, and we thought maybe he would challenge this gay young fellow's right to eminence. But Jim was a prudent man, and he never risked his



DINNER-CALL IN CAMP OF SECOND UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

hard-won, long-worn laurels unless it seemed to offer good returns. But he came from a ride up the valley one day and laid down on the bunk for a bit of a sleep. Andy Burke was sewing a patch on the sleeve of his fatigue jacket and singing about those "days of old when knights were bold and barons held their sway," and a lot more of volunteer army nonsense, when Jim raised up and launched a boot at the minstrel's head.

The missile was heavy enough and it came with force enough, but the range was bad and it beat the wall with a thunderous thump, and fell to the floor noisily, just as Andy announced in a light, gay tone:

"My love has golden hair,
My love's beyond compare."

"Shut up!" roared Honan. "I want to get a little sleep."

"Young gentlemen in the military should learn that the night is made for slumber and the day for singing and sewing on patches," responded Burke, his smile lighting a little, and his steel-blue eyes ranged over his weapons there on the wall before they lifted to Mr. Honan's towering height. The belligerent took up another boot and squared to throw it, but Burke, his vagrant tongue still loitering along the lines—

"Then what care I
Though death be nigh?
I live for love, and die—"

with prolonged dwells on the verbs—reached up gently and fingered the hilt of his saber.

It was a challenge; Honan read instantly, and he accepted it as becomes a swordsman and a soldier. They stood front to front in the middle of the room. They were in such earnest as "knights of old" could not have surpassed. They were fighting with weapons which were made for mortal combat.

And for what? For nothing! One was piqued and angry at being defied. One was resolute against tyranny. But both were reckless and prodigal as becomes a soldier fed on the air of the mountains and fanned by danger.

It was no stage-clashing of steel on steel. It was the swift advance, the light retreat, the thrust, the guard, the feint, the swift right cut—till we slight men, packed back between the windows, forgot to breathe, and lived alone with our eyes.

Jim Honan's wrist was bleeding. There was a rent in the tight flannel which covered his thigh—a rent which marked a partial failure of his parry. There was a touch on his white forehead, where the blood looked out but would not flow. And there was the heavy tramp of a spurred boot down the porch outside—and we knew "the old man" was coming.

"Tention—officer of the day!" called the orderly, throwing open the door of the squad-room just across the hall. He would be here in a moment, and discipline demanded a truce.

But the sound might as well have been the tap of an oak leaf on the roof in autumn, so far as Andy Burke was concerned. He was pushing the fight, his left hand clasped on his back, his right foot advanced, his blade flashing a better obedience to his resolute will with every instant that passed. But Honan, catching the first opportunity, retreated, forgot his guard and retired to his corner.

"Good thing for you," he growled. Burke looked at him a moment in surprise and disappointment. Then he said: "I'll go down to the hay corral and argue it out with you, Jim."

But he found no response, and had but time to stand at "attention" as the officer of the day looked into the room.

"What's the matter with your forehead, Honan?" asked "the old man," for his swift eyes saw everything.

"Scratched it, sir," replied the soldier. The man was game. "Pick up these things, men, and keep your room in order," commanded the officer—and was gone.

In the moment of that visit Andy Burke regained his steady temper, and he dropped his saber in its scabbard. But he couldn't forego applying the lesson. "Don't try to turn day into night in the army, Jim," he remarked, as he threaded his needle anew; "for, according to general orders, 'taps' don't come for hours yet."

That was the end of their collision, and after that we rated Andy Burke even higher than before. Of course we didn't run from him, or tremble in his presence, or anything like that. When a soldier wants a fight he can always get it. That is what recruiting agents are made for. But we respected him. He always went into his combats with the general belief that he would be found "at home."

He didn't look for trouble, but if ever trouble came hunting for him it found him. And so it happened that Corporal Quinn went up to the hospital one day and troubled the steward for some plaster and a stitch or two; and Billy Kensi, who maintained a fugitive resort just off the reservation, took to his bed and lay there until his ribs were better; and Monte Joe, who haunted the fort just after pay-day, shook hands a little awkwardly—his right arm being composed in clay from a pistol wound.

But we didn't really prize the man till that time when "The Apache Kid" swept terror into every home in Arizona.

You know "The Kid." There was the gayest bandit that ever warmed a stolen saddle. There was the boldest robber and the most merciless murderer that ever harried the border with his midnight rides. And there was the slipperiest rascal that ever fled from vengeance—the luckiest dog that ever was outlawed.

He had abandoned the up-country several years before, and we had not been troubled by him. But so well was his character of ranger established that we were not surprised when, one week after having devastated a valley in the Gila country, we heard of him on the Rio Verde. His last attack was in the nature of a defiance; for the little settlement laid under contribution was almost in sight of the flag at the fort. The messengers who rode into camp with the news

were mad with terror—as they might be—and inclined to implore the help of the soldiers.

"Don't beg," cried the commanding officer, "demand! That's what the troops are here for. Blow 'Boots and saddles!'" he shouted to the trumpeter, standing at the guard-house door.

Your regular army responds with a rush and a swing that fill the road with galloping avengers before you can tell off the beads of your prayer. The force of the fort was out on the trail, not a ration issued, not a fragment of camp equipment, not a plan of campaign but that found in the order, "Capture 'The Kid'!"

Andy Burke was riding a big black horse and picking his way past the quicksands down by the river when he heard a cry of dismay, and saw over his shoulder Marcus Sheedy struggling in the treacherous mire. He reined in, loosened the lariat that hung on his saddle-bow, threw it to the periled trooper and pulled him out on solid ground. Then he turned from the trail and galloped down the valley, taking a shorter way which promised quicker overhauling of the main command. As he dashed ahead, still keeping a sharp lookout, he saw two clouds of dust. One was up to the right and told where the captain was riding with his men; the other was down to the left and marked the passage of an Indian band. He spurred the black horse faster and pulled up at the officer's side with his story.

"Take two men and ride across to their trail," said the captain to a sergeant at his side. "If it don't look right, signal with your rifle and wait for help. If it's just a band of stragglers come on and catch up again."

"Burke and Honan, you come," said the sergeant; and the three fell out of line.

Honan was sent straight down the river to find where the Indians had crossed. Burke rode with the sergeant till they counted fifteen ponies by their tracks in the sand. The sergeant tired his signals; but the wind was wrong, and fearing the captain had gone too far to hear them, he galloped after the soldiers, leaving Burke alone.

Left alone, the private rode to the nearest hill, and saw poor Honan fall from his horse at the bank of the river, an Apache arrow in his side, the animal's flank filled like pins in a quivering cushion.

They had crossed at a lower ford. "The Kid" at their head, and were riding straight at the fort,

their rifles silent and their bows in their hands. Burke knew how helpless the fort was now, and he gauged the shrewdness of that bandit chief who had slipped past the captain and his mounted avengers and was riding straight at the coup of a long campaign.

He waited for no orders, gave no sign of distress, but plunged down the hill on his strong black steed, stopped a moment to succor poor Honan and hide him at the base of a bluff, then pushed across the ford and raced for the fort.

The Indians were there before him. He could see them plundering the cook-house. If only he could keep them away from Officers' Row! He crept along below the edge of the parade-ground, darted past the cover of the quarters and dismounted at the captain's back door.

The women were there, in an inner room, and they blessed every hair in his sunny head as he strode through the hall with a laugh in his eye and a word of cheer and hope. He hid on the porch and watched the Indians skurry across the parade-ground; permitted them to force an entrance at a subaltern's home; waited till they swarmed from the door, with their arms full of trinkets, and then laid his rifle along the wall and fired. Two went down, but the rest charged.

They knew the strength of the fort, and they had seen it go galloping away.

Fire was rising through the roof of the cook-house. Red flame was showing in the subaltern's window. And a chattering, frantic horde of Apaches was upon him. How he fought there alone against them, how he guarded that door and the women behind it, how he laughed when his gun was empty and nothing but steel stood between him and them, what magic surrounded him and turned their bullets—all these are the wonders of the Rio Verde even unto this day.

But the captain came with his mounted men, spurred to speed by those rising flames, stung to rage by the whiplike sound of the rifles, and found him there in the midst of a group that would never ride again. And "The Kid" got away? Oh, certainly. "The Kid" always got away, but he hugged leather alone and never drew rein till he bathed his feet in the Gila. And Andy Burke got a medal.

What chance has Spain when such men as Andy Burke fight under the folds of the Stars and Stripes?

THE ABSENT BOY

THEY miss him in the orchard where the fruit is sunning over,

And in the meadow where the air is sweet with new-mown hay,

And all about the old farm which knew him for a lover,

From the early seedtime onward till the crops were piled away.

They miss him in the village where nothing went without him,

Where to-day the young folks' parties are dull and incomplete,

They cannot just explain it, there was such a charm about him,

The drop of cheer he always brought made common daylight sweet.

And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for the nation,

He's charging with the others, a lad in army blue.

His name is little known yet, but at the upland station,

They all are sure you'll hear it before the war is through.

And when you talk of battles, and scan the printed column,

His regiment's the one they seek, his neighbors think and care;

The more they do not speak of it, their look grows grave and solemn,

For somewhere in the thick of strife, they know, their boy is there.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR—IX. Drawn by PETER NEWELL



A FASHION NOTE FROM "EL PAÍS" — "THE SEASIDE WILL NOT BE FASHIONABLE THIS SUMMER"



Front View of Rodin's Statue of Balzac

RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC

(Special Correspondence of "Collier's Weekly")

EVERYBODY in the world must certainly by this time have heard of Rodin's extraordinary statue of Balzac, and of the commotion that went through Paris when the Literary Society of France positively declined to accept the work it had ordered from the master of modern sculpture.

The "Balzac" was subsequently shown at the Salon of this year, and then the potter became appalling. Columns after columns were written for or against the statue; society spoke of almost nothing else; the studios echoed with the noise of hot disputations; the comic papers took it up, and no concert hall manager would have dreamed of allowing an evening to pass without giving the public at least one song and a few jokes on the same subject. One heard of the "Balzac" on the streets, in the "buses," in the restaurants, everywhere and all the time.

Now the Salon is closed, the statue stored away, but the noise about it does not seem to lessen; indeed, the interest is yet so intense that books and pa-

phlets are still coming out—devoted to enthusiastic praises of Rodin's latest work or to scathing criticisms of it—all eagerly bought as soon as they appear on the stalls.

In no country but France could such widespread concern about a work of art be observed in the public or even among the artists.

Rodin's representation of Balzac shows a rather stout man draped from neck to foot. The head is very powerful and set upon a short, strong neck. The eyebrows are enormous, the eyes deep, and the look thoughtful. The upper lip and the short-cropped mustache are drawn up into a somewhat uncanny grin of infinite pity and sadness. The hair, divided in two heavy masses, falls on the sides of the head. From the general posture we must assume that the hands are joined together and resting forward on the body under the monk's robe in which Balzac used to do his writing. The arms are not passed through the sleeves, which are shown hanging loosely.

Draped thus, Balzac is posed in a very impressive although disconcerting attitude; his body is slightly bent backward as though he were looking at the human turmoil, conscious of being one of the master minds of the world.

The head is certainly not pretty, but with all its bumps and interesting irregularities it is undoubtedly very imposing.

Some of the adversaries of the "Balzac" clamor that if the man who could be



RODIN IN HIS STUDIO—FROM RENE AVIGDOR'S SALON PICTURE, 1898



Profile of Rodin's Statue of Balzac

are starting to dream of home a quartermaster pokes a dark lantern in your face and yells out, "Big ship on starboard quarter!" There is no dull monotony about this game."

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the lining of the stomach, and cause untold trouble. Give your stomach a rest, stop taking medicine, try an Electropoise. It will do the work of medicine, do it better, and leave your stomach in normal condition.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

IN NAVAL war what really matters is not the armor-plating, the build of the ship, or even the power of the engines, but the man behind the gun. When Captain Mahan was entertained in England at a naval dinner, the speech of the evening was admitted by all to have been made by the American admiral. He reminded his hearers that strategy, and armor, and new types of gun, and scientific dodges, and all the rest were very good things, but in the last resort what really mattered was the man behind the gun. That was true in the old wars, and has been proved true again, both at Manila and at Santiago. Straight shooting is, after all, what wins the battle. Of course, you had better have a gun that will fire and fire a powerful shot at a longish range; but even if you have got it, it is perfectly useless if the men behind it are too excited or have had too little practice to be able to fire it straight, and so to hit with it. The most deadly patent shell, fired from the newest and most expensive and most scientific of guns, is no better than an old round-shot fired from a gun of Nelson's day if it drops in the water and does not strike the enemy's hull or deck. In other words, superiority of gun-fire is now, as in the days of old, the chief thing to look for. No doubt you should, as we have said, give your men as good a gun to fire with as possible, but teach their officers and them to rely, not upon the ship's armor, or the range of her guns, or the weight of the metal discharged, or the speed of the engines, but upon the power, if need be, to make the enemy's hull look like a porous plaster. Look at the heroic fight made by the little 'Gloucester.' (By the way, the people of the old city should send a greeting and a silk flag to the little ship that has done their name such credit.) What gave the 'Gloucester' her victory, and also allowed her to escape, was her gun-fire. The 'destroyers' she disabled, let alone the Spanish cruisers, could have sunk her easily could they have hit her; but they failed to do so, partly because of their own essential bad marksmanship, and partly also because a man who is peppering you from a revolver is always hard to hit. Being shot at with great accuracy is apt to destroy one's aim." — *The Spectator (London)*.

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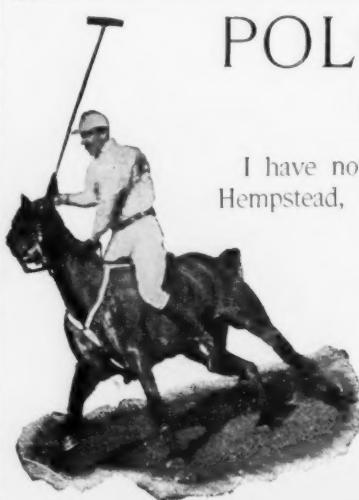
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